

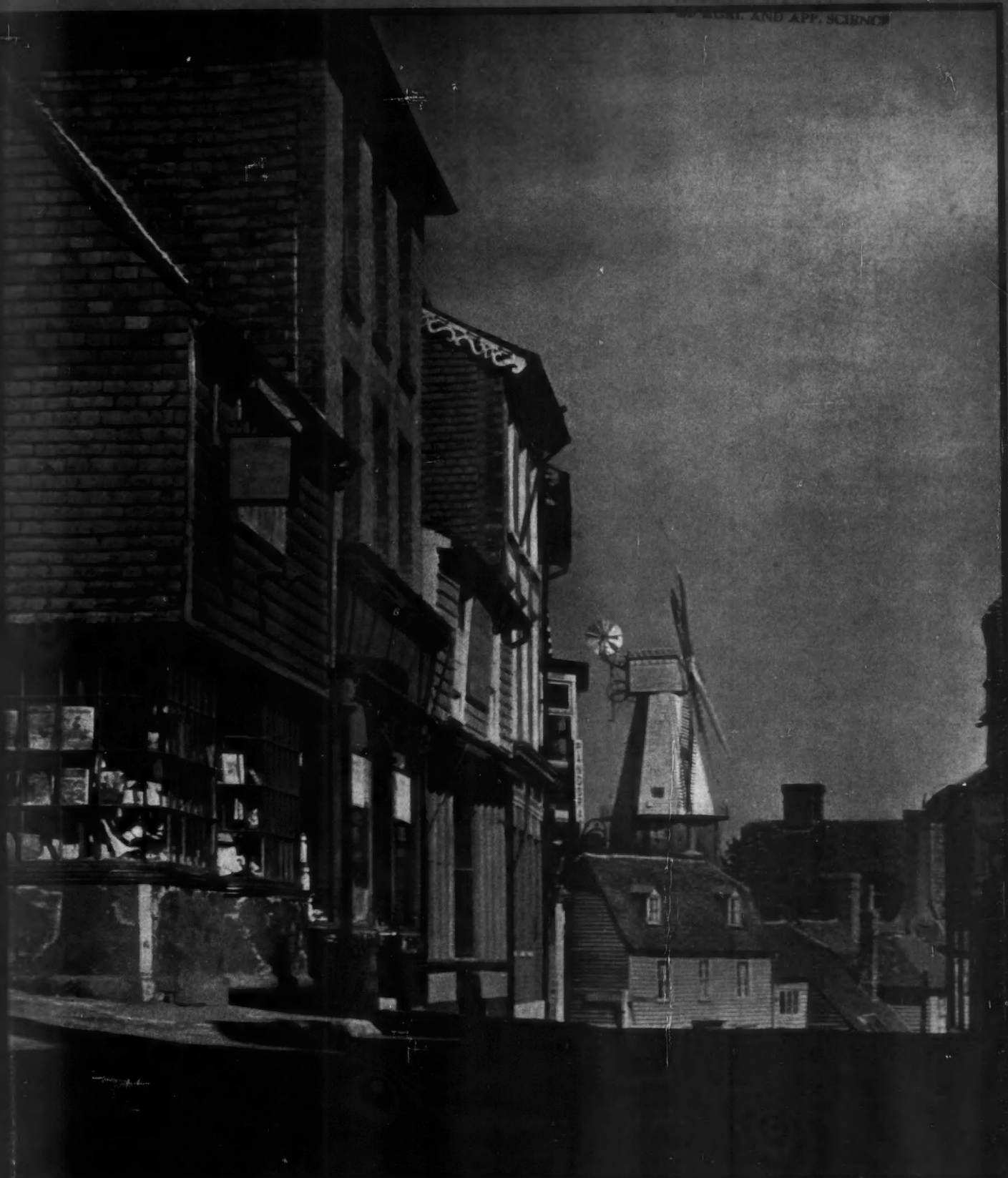
DIMINISHING THE GARDEN By Michael Haworth-Booth

# COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday

APRIL 16, 1948

TWO SHILLINGS



THE OLD WINDMILL, CRANBROOK, KENT

G. F. Allen

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OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS  
ADVERTISING PAGE 758



# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CIII No. 2674

APRIL 16, 1948

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*By direction of Eric W. Towler, Esq.*

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OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO DOG BREEDERS. IMPORTANT FREEHOLD PROPERTY known as THE WOODFOLD, DOWN HATHERLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Attractive Country Residence. Three reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, usual offices. Garages. Stabling and outbuildings. Main electricity and water. Company's gas. Central heating. Septic tank drainage. Very fine range of 36 modern kennels, fitted electric light and with water laid on. Delightful gardens. Kitchen garden and sound pasture land.

### IN ALL ABOUT 16 ACRES

#### VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

For Sale by Auction, unless previously sold by private treaty, at the Bell Hotel, Gloucester, on Monday, May 24, 1948, at 3 p.m. precisely. Solicitors: Messrs. MIDWINTER & ADAMS, Crescent Place, Cheltenham. Tel.: Cheltenham 3255. Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS, Old Council Chambers, Cirencester. Tel. 334/5.

## 'Twixt OXFORD and CIRENCESTER

Outskirts picturesque small town.

### CHARMING RESIDENCE IN FIRST-RATE ORDER

Three sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main services.

Septic tank drainage. Pleasant small garden. Garage and outbuildings.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

£24,500, open to reasonable offer for quick sale. Very low rates.

Sole Agents: JACKSON-STOPS, Cirencester. (Folio 9263)

## IN A PERFECT HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

Hook 1½ miles, Odiham 2 miles, Basingstoke 5 miles.

### THE OLD FORGE, GREYWELL



Lovely converted 16th-Century Cottage Residence.

Containing 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bath-room, kitchen. Bootroom and garage. Main electricity, water and gas.

Central heating. Range of modern farm buildings including cowshed for 8, bull pen, calving boxes, dairy, etc. Lovely garden and pasture land of about

**11 ACRES**

For Sale by Auction (unless previously sold privately) on Wednesday, April 28, at Basingstoke.

Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. SIMMONS & SONS, 12, Station Road, Reading (Tel. 4025); JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1 (Mayfair 3316/7). Solicitors: Messrs. C. G. & G. S. FIELD, 12, Forbury, Reading.

By order of the Executor of F. A. S. McClelland, deceased.

## THE OLD HALL, SOMERTON, SOMERSET

### A small Georgian House

containing 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2 bath-rooms.

Main services. Part central heating.

Garages and stabling.

Walled garden. Orchard.

VACANT POSSESSION.



To be Sold by Auction on Wednesday, April 28, 1948.

Auctioneers: JACKSON-STOPS & STAFF, Yeovil.

Grosvenor 3121  
(3 lines)

## WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

## BERKSHIRE

Occupying a choice position on high ground with open views to the south. Close to a well-known golf course.

### A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY HOUSE OF GEORGIAN ELEVATION

Somewhat in the Colonial style.

**BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED THROUGHOUT AND IN EXCELLENT ORDER.**

Ten main bed and dressing rooms and 5 bathrooms, staff quarters, hall, 4 reception rooms, and loggia.



OAK FLOORS. ALL MAIN SERVICES.

FITTED BASINS. CENTRAL HEATING.

Stabling, garage and flat. Cottage and separate flat. Hard tennis courts, well-stocked kitchen gardens, lawns, and park-land.

**FOR SALE WITH OVER 12 ACRES**

**PRICE £30,000**

Inspected and confidently recommended by owner's London Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.1.



# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

## WEST SUSSEX

Between Midhurst and Petworth. Haslemere 7 miles.

### THE THATCHED HOUSE, LODSWORTH



An attractive modern Norfolk thatched House occupying an excellent position with views to the South Downs.

Large L-shaped lounge, cloakroom, complete domestic offices, 5 bed and dressing rooms, modern bathroom. Central heating. Electric light. Good water supply. Telephone. Modern drainage. Well laid out garden extending to

**ABOUT 2 ACRES**

For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Room on Tuesday, April 27, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Auctioneers: Messrs. HEATON & SONS, 7, North Street, Leatherhead, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY.

## SUSSEX

Midway between London and the South Coast. 1 mile from East Grinstead.

### HILL PLACE HOUSE, COOMBE HILL, EAST GRINSTEAD

An attractive Freehold modern Residence in the Elizabethan style, about 400 ft. above sea level and facing south.

Three reception, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 bathrooms. All main services and central heating throughout.

Entrance lodge. Garage and chauffeur's flat.

Mature pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden and orchard.

**VACANT POSSESSION**

For Sale by Auction at an early date (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. ATTENBOROUGH, 12, New Court, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. Particulars 1/-.



## SURREY HILLS

Half-mile from station. 17 miles from London.



Unusually attractive Residence standing 600 feet up facing south and west with unrivalled views.

Three reception rooms, billiard room, winter garden, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Wing forming cottage. Central heating. All main services. Garage. Lodge. Three cottages. Beautiful grounds and gardens. Walled kitchen garden. Orchard. Woodland.

About 20 acres. For Sale. Vacant Possession.

Sole Agents: KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (9,216)

Mayfair 3771  
(10 lines)

## FIFESHIRE

### A BARONIAL MANSION

built in 1690 of stone standing in a park about 200 feet up, facing south with views over the hills.

Seven public rooms, 29 bedrooms (11 with basins), 7 bathrooms. Stabling, garage. Parkland, woods.

Two farms, 18 cottages.

**ABOUT 1,200 ACRES**

**FOR SALE**

Shooting. Hunting. Golf.

Sole Agents: KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (44,438)

## ESSEX

1½ miles Marks Tey Station, 4 miles Colchester.



**THE MOAT, COPFORD**  
Genuine Queen Anne Residence standing in its own well laid out grounds with moat. The interior is very comfortable and well fitted.

Three reception, 5 bedrooms (2 basins), dressing room, bathroom. Main electric light and water. Range of buildings including tie-ups for 16 cows. Two garages. Three cottages. Kitchen garden, orchard, arable and pasture.

**ABOUT 62 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD**  
Agents: Messrs. FENN WRIGHT & CO., Colchester, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY. (44,562)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams:  
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Reading 4441  
Regent 0293/3377

## NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

1, STATION ROAD, READING : 4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1

By order of Mrs. Barnett.

### ON HIGH GROUND IN FAVOURITE PART OF BERKSHIRE

Main line station 2 miles. Newbury 8 miles. Basingstoke 9 miles. Reading 10 miles. Bus service from Reading Station passes within ¼ mile.

### FREEHOLD QUEEN ANNE COUNTRY HOUSE

known as

### THE OLD RECTORY, PADWORTH

Hall with cloakroom, 3 good reception rooms, modern kitchen with electric cooker, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Pleasant inexpensive grounds with paddock, in all 5 ACRES. Good cottage (attached to house). Garage 2 cars. Main electric light and power. Water pumped by electricity.

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION DURING MAY (OR PRIVATELY MEANWHILE)**

Illustrated particulars and order to view from Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading.



Telegrams:  
"Nicholas, Reading"  
"Nichonyer, Picoy, London"

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1  
(Euston 7000)

## MAPLE & Co., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1  
(Regent 4685)

### CHESHIRE AND STAFFS BORDERS

Amidst nice scenery, 25 miles from Manchester.

### FOR SALE

### UNIQUE HISTORICAL FREEHOLD PROPERTY

comprising very picturesque 16th-century stone-built Residence having stone hall, dining hall, drawing room, morning room, 6 bedrooms, 2 good bathrooms, etc. Co.'s electric light.

Lovely old gardens with historical ruins enhancing their beauty, in all nearly 5 ACRES. Garage. Stable, etc.

The property has many interesting features.



Agents: MAPLE & Co., LTD., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. Tel.: Regent 4685.



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 8222 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Selanist, Picov, London"



## ADJOINING GOLF COURSE & FACING COMMON

### FINE MODERN HOUSE ON TWO FLOORS ONLY



Hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.

South aspect.

Central heating with gas boilers.

Beautifully appointed throughout.

GARAGE. THREE CARS.

COTTAGE. j

2½ ACRES. FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION

HAMPTON & SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19 (WIM. 0081). (D.6003a)

## SURREY

Nine miles Hyde Park Corner. Close to famous golf course.

### SUPERBLY FITTED RESIDENCE



Erected 1925.

Lounge hall, 2-3 reception rooms, billiards room, 7-8 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

CENTRAL HEATING.

South-east aspect. Gravel soil.

GARAGE. TWO CARS. COTTAGE.

Delightful grounds 2 ACRES

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (P.4929)

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (Tel.: WIM. 0081) & BISHOP'S STORTFORD (Tel.: 243)

In delightful small Bucks Town.

## ON THE CHILTERN A FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



Lounge, 4 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, excellent offices and staff room.

ALL SERVICES.

DOUBLE GARAGE.

Inexpensive grounds.

IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (B.27,004)

By order of Executors.

## GOLFER'S PARADISE

Beautiful position 500-600 ft. up, actually adjoining Berkhamsted Common and golf course.

## "FAIRHILL," BERKHAMSTED, HERTS

Well-built Freehold Country Residence.

Three reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and offices.

Cleverly converted into two self-contained Flats with Co.'s services—easily re-instated to original planning.

COTTAGE. GARAGE.

STABLING.

Gardens extending to well OVER ½ ACRE

For Sale by Auction on May 4 next, at 2.30 p.m. (unless sold privately).

Solicitors: FARRAR PORTER & CO., 2, Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons, E.C.4.

Joint Auctioneers: W. BROWN & CO., 1-2, High Street, Berkhamsted. HAMPTON & SONS, 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1.



# CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

## AUCTIONS

Delightful secluded Country Residence. 3 MILES FROM MAIDSTONE. Five principal and 2 secondary bedrooms, 2 attics, 2 bathrooms, 3 rec. rooms, modern domestic offices. About 6 acres excellent grounds, kitchen gardens and valuable young orchard. Useful outbuildings. Auction, May 20, 1948 (unless previously sold). PAGE & WELLS Auctioneers, Maidstone (Tel. 3613).

Vacant Possession. Rare opportunity. CHIDDINGFOLD, SURREY. Witely Station 2½ miles. Waterloo 38 miles. Guildford 8 miles.

The delightful modernised Period Residence "THE OLD FORGE." Circa 1321. Full of oak beams and timbers. Three rec. rooms, cloakroom, w.c., kitchen, 3 bedrooms, bath-room, w.c. Ground-floor annexe of 4 rooms with separate entrance. Co.'s water, gas, electric light and power. Modern water drainage. Garden with lawn and fruit trees. Large outbuilding. Side access. Frontage about 38 ft. Depth about 125 ft.

## CUBITT & WEST

will offer the above for Sale by Auction on the premises as above on Thursday, April 29, 1948, at 3 o'clock prompt (unless previously sold by private treaty). Solicitors: Messrs. MELLERSH & LOVELACE, Godalming, Surrey. Apply Auctioneers: CUBITT & WEST, Haslemere 680-1, or Hindhead 63, Surrey, for particulars, also at Farnham, Egham and Dorking.

## NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Probably one of the most delightful Residential Bungalows in the North Midlands, situated on a pleasant stretch of the Great North Road, between Newark and Retford. THE CREST, SUTTON-ON-TRENT. Built 20 years ago, with great architectural imagination, formed as a veritable sun-trap. Two reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bath-room, good domestic offices. Garage. Electric light. Main water. Central heating. Charming garden and paddock. Area about 4 acres. Freehold. Fast train services to King's Cross from Newark and Retford. For Sale by Auction, Saturday, April 24, 1948, at 3.15 p.m. at Sale Rooms, 20, The Square, Retford. Illustrated catalogues on application to the Auctioneers:

HENRY SPENCER & SONS 20, The Square, Retford, Notts. (Tel. 531/2), or LARKEN & CO., Solicitors, Lombard Street, Newark, Notts.

## WANTED

ANYWHERE. Wanted, Freehold Bungalow with large fruit garden.—Write to G.W., 22, Carlton Crescent, Luton.

ASHRIDGE PARK, HERTS. Urgently required, first-class Residence, minimum 4 bedrooms; good gardens; must be in a good condition and well appointed; all mains required. Price up to £10,000.—W. BROWN AND CO., Berkhamsted (Tel. 96).

BRISTOL. Surgeon desires attractive modern or modernised Detached Residence in or near Bristol. Eight rooms, garage.—ALEXANDER, 11, Ravelston Dykes, Edinburgh.

LONDON WITHIN DAILY REACH. Country village preferred. Wanted to rent, preferably long lease, small unfurnished House or Cottage 4-5 bedrooms, main services, good garden and outbuildings.—Box 502.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES. Wanted to rent by experienced horticulturist, Estate or Walled Garden suitable commercial work. House or cottage; electricity.—Box 512.

SUSSEX. Wanted to purchase by war widow, Cottage or small House, freehold; 2-3 bed., 1-2 rec., electricity. Can offer up to £3,000.—Box 506.

WEST SUSSEX OR SOUTH HANTS. Up to 20 miles inland, but not right on coast, except only at Bournemouth, Aldwick or Craigwell. Or Ashridge Park, Herts. Possession next summer; 4-6 bedrooms (not more) with basins, 3 reception, maid's room; main services including power or gas points; central heating; telephone; garage 2-3 cars; cottage for gardener. 3 or more acres. Up to £15,000, but more might be paid for some agricultural land if land well let. Could part exchange very good small modern house with gas fires, c.h., in secluded grounds and exceptional situation N.W. London suburb.—Details to CUBITT & WEST, Haslemere, Surrey (who are retained to act for the Advertiser).

## FOR SALE

BRIGHTON. Property of the late T. C. Kingham. Charming house and bungalow standing in one of the best positions in Brighton. House comprises spacious entrance hall, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 reception rooms, large kitchen and scullery, bathroom and 3 lavatories, conservatory and loggia. Gas fires in all bedrooms, electric fires in reception rooms and kitchen. Electric light throughout. Beautifully laid out and well stocked garden of about 1 acre, greenhouse and potting sheds. Bungalow standing in same grounds, comprises 3 bedrooms, sitting room, bathroom and lavatory. Electric light throughout. Vacant possession of both end of May. Owner going abroad. Price £15,000 the two or near offer.—View by appointment only, Mrs. J. C. KINGHAM, Silver Beech, Withdean Road, Brighton 5.

ARGYLL COAST. For sale by private treaty, Residential, Agricultural and Sporting Estate, about 3,000 acres. Lodge of convenient size with three cottages in policies all in excellent condition and equipped with modern conveniences. Game consists of grouse, pheasants and the usual mixed bag. A purchaser may acquire the furniture, boats, etc., by private arrangement. Particulars may be obtained from J. S. HENDERSON, The Hollies, Lochgilphead, Argyll.

BROMLEY, KENT. Much-sought-after position 8 minutes High Street and station. Magnificent modern detached House completely rebuilt from footings. Lounge hall and cloakroom, glorious lounge 19 ft. x 18 ft. into bay, dining room 18 ft. 6 in. x 13 ft., kitchen 12 ft. x 11 ft., 3 large double bedrooms, 1 single bedroom, large bathroom, separate w.c. Central heating, etc. Large garage. Large garden. Unique post-war opportunity which will not be repeated. Freehold £5,500. Possession one month. Tel.: Brixton 5457, or write 157-9, Herne Hill, S.E.24.

EAST SUFFOLK, near Woodbridge. Charming Period Residence in Queen Anne and early Georgian style. Three large reception rooms, spacious lounge hall, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Attractive garden and grounds in excellent order, tennis lawn and sunken garden with ornamental pool. Near golf and sailing. Possession October. Price £10,000.—JOHN G. CROWDER, Estate Offices, Woodbridge.

FARNHAM AND ODIHAM (between). In lovely old-world village of Odiham, main line station 3½ miles. Delightful Elizabethan Country Residence containing many period features, standing in a walled garden. Six bed and dressing rooms, 2 bath, 3 rec., cloakroom, complete offices, servants' sitting room. "Ease" cooker. Central heating. Main water, electric light and power. Modern drainage. Double garage. ½ acre. Vacant possession. Freehold £9,000.—H. B. BAYSTOCK & SON, Chartered Surveyors, Farnham (Tel. 5274/5), and at Godalming.

FELIXSTOWE. Close to sea front. Residence with charming garden approx. ½ acre. Ideal for school, guest house or club, etc. Four reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, good kitchen, bathroom. Garage for 3 cars. Freehold. Vacant possession.—Details apply: J. DIAMOND, F.V.I., 127, Hamilton Road, Felixstowe (Tel. 681).

NORTH DEVON. Delightful and prosperous Hotel well equipped, private telephones, etc. 40 acres beautiful grounds, golf course and fishing lake. Twenty bedrooms, bathrooms, garages and stables. Table licence. Mile from railway station. £20,000 a.s. including freehold property, furnish, etc., as going concern.—Sole Agents: FRAMPTON BAKER, Manvers House, Bath.

NEW FOREST. Delightful sylvan setting, with stream. Two rec., 4 beds, bath. Stabling, garage, 2 rooms over. Pretty undulating gardens. Direct access forest lawns. Of appeal those seeking country property away from towns.—LEWIS & BADDOCK, 40, High Street, Lymington, Hants.

NORFOLK COAST. Replica picturesque Colonial House in ½ acre. Four bed., din., beautiful beamed lounge 25 x 18, mod. kit., bath, sep. w.c.; own elec.; garage. Sea and country views. £2,600 freehold includes small 3-room bungalow.—Box 505.

SOMERSET, QUANTOCK HILLS, in a setting of irresistible charm. Small detached brick and tiled Cottage Residence commanding exquisite views. Hall, 2 rec., 3 bed., bathroom (h. and c.). Own water and electricity. Septic tank drainage. Garage. Delightful garden ½ acre. £4,250 Freehold. Also, Devon, very useful little Farm of 58 acres, modernised House, 2 rec., 4 bed., bath, room (h. and c.), 2 w.c.s. Ample buildings, 46 acres grass, 12 arable. Copious water supply. Own electricity. Ideal hacking country. Good trout fishing ½ mile away. Hunting 3 packs. £5,500 Freehold.—Sole Agents: Messrs. GRIBBLE, BOOTH & SHEPHERD, 9, Hendford, Yeovil (Tel. 434), and at Basingstoke.

SUSSEX. On borders of famous old town 30 miles from London. Beautiful Country Mansion converted into luxury flats. All let excepting the best flat held over for potential purchaser-occupier. Whole producing £1,500 per annum net, for sale to show return of 5½ per cent. net. Unique opportunity and without question one of the very best properties of this type offered since the war.—Reply to Box 501.

WYLYE VALLEY. 16 miles west of Salisbury. Picturesque stone and tile Country Residence, standing in grounds amounting to approximately 2 acres. Accommodation comprises 3 reception, 4 bedrooms; all modern conveniences. Charming laid out grounds and orchard well stocked with fruit trees and walled fruits. Sole Agents: MYDDLETON & MAJOR, F.A.I., 25, High Street, Salisbury.

## TO LET

WILTS-DORSET BORDERS. Charming Manor House to let unfurnished as private residence, guest house or nursing home. Four rec., 8 principal bed., 4 bath. Aga cooker. Central heating. Main services.—Apply: WOOLLEY & WALLIS, Salisbury.

WINCHELSEA. Furnished House or service on premises. All modern conveniences. Frequent buses to Rye and Hastings.—Apply: PETRONELLA'S PLAT, Winchelsea.



Regent  
4304

## OSBORN &amp; MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,  
PICCADILLY, W.1

## ON THE RIVER HAMBLE

CLOSE TO SOUTHAMPTON WATER OVER WHICH EXCELLENT VIEWS ARE OBTAINED, AND ADJOINING A WELL-KNOWN YACHT ANCHORAGE  
**AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE**  
On high ground. South aspect.



Approached by a carriage drive and containing 3 reception, billiard room, 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity and water.  
**BRICK-BUILT ENTRANCE LODGE OF SIX ROOMS**  
Well timbered gardens and grounds with a profusion of rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc., in all

About 7 Acres

PRICE FREEHOLD £11,750

The property is admirably placed for conversion to a private hotel and a catering licence has actually been granted for the premises

Inspected and recommended by the Agents:  
OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (18,065)

## ADJOINING OXSHOTT HEATH

Admirably situated adjacent to miles of open Commonland, within a few minutes of the Station with a first-class service of electric trains to Town  
**A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE**  
Quite up to date and in splendid order.



Hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom.  
Company's electricity, gas and water.

Modern drainage

CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT

Large Brick-built Garage. Outbuildings

Charming well-timbered, matured gardens with a profusion of flowering shrubs, lawns, flower beds and borders, kitchen garden, orchard, etc., in all about

1½ ACRES

PRICE £8,750

A quantity of furniture and furnishings would probably be sold if required.

Inspected and very strongly recommended by the Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (18,069)

## HAMPTON

Splendidly situated in a quiet position, convenient for station and bus services, and within a short distance of one of the most delightful parts of the river.

**An Outstanding Old House of Character**  
Originally a farmhouse and part dating back several hundred years



In first-class order both internally and externally. Approached by a drive from a private road, it contains hall, drawing room, dining room, delightful cocktail bar, sun verandah, 6 bedrooms, nursery suite, 3 bathrooms, maids' sitting room.

All main services. Central heating.

Magnificent range of outbuildings including FINE OLD BARN, STUDIO OR GAMES ROOM. Delightful well-timbered matured gardens with tennis and other lawns, flower beds and borders, vegetable garden with a considerable number of fruit trees in full bearing, the whole extending to ABOUT 2¼ ACRES FREEHOLD £10,000. VACANT POSSESSION  
Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above, who recommend the property with every confidence from personal inspection. (18,069)

44 ST., JAMES'S  
PLACE, S.W.1

## JAMES STYLES &amp; WHITLOCK

Regent 1011 (2 lines)  
Regent 2358

By order of Trustees.

## GREENFIELD, PRESTEIGN, RADNORSHIRE

For Sale by Auction May 26, 1948 (unless sold privately in the meantime).

THIS FINE COUNTRY  
RESIDENCE OF THE  
REGENCY TYPE

Half mile from Presteign, 14 from Leominster, and 23 from Hereford. 500 ft. above sea level. Southern aspect. Good bus services. Main electricity and water.

Central heating.

Hall and 4 sitting rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, kitchen with

Esse cooker.

Stabling and garage. Well-timbered gardens and paddock.

ABOUT 8 ACRES IN ALL

Particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. RUSSELL BALDWIN & BRIGHT, LTD., of Leominster, and Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, of 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1.

## THE OLD HOUSE, SUTTON COURTENAY, BERKS

8½ miles from Oxford, 5 from Didcot (70 min. to Paddington), 3 from Abingdon. Bus to Oxford.

For Sale by Auction, May 24, 1948 (unless sold privately).

## 17th-CENTURY RESIDENCE (MODERN ADDITION)

In this lovely village. South aspect.

Four sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, all modern conveniences

Lovely old cottage with bathroom and modern conveniences.

Garages and stabling, walled garden, vineyard, orchard, spinney, etc., with stream,

IN ALL ABOUT 3¼ ACRES

Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1, and Messrs. ADKIN BELCHER & BOWEN, Abingdon, Berks.

## WEST SUSSEX

Between Chichester and Petersfield.

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SMALL SPORTING ESTATES IN  
THE MARKET IN THIS FAVOURED DISTRICT

600 feet up, panoramic views.

Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, Aga cooker. Electric light, Two cottages. Three garages, etc. Lovely gardens.

242 ACRES (mostly rough woodland). VACANT POSSESSION.

Joint Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK (as above), and Messrs. WYATT & SON, 59, East Street, Chichester, Sussex. (L.R.22,407)

## EMBERTON MANOR, near OLNEY, NORTH BUCKS

One mile Olney, 11 from Bletchley, 12 from Bedford and Northampton. Bus services.

For Sale by Auction, May 11, 1948 (unless sold privately).

## THE RESIDENCE IS STONE-BUILT

and contains 3 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms and dressing rooms, 3 maids' rooms, and 2 bathrooms.

Main electricity and power. Central heating. Co.'s water available, also gas.

Stabling, garages and other buildings. Two stone-built cottages.

Charming gardens, orchard and paddock, in all 4¼ ACRES  
Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. ROBINSON & HALL, 15a, St. Paul's Square, Bedford; Messrs. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1.

By order of Executors.

## KENT

## GENTLEMAN'S FARM OF ABOUT 144 ACRES

Two fine modern cottages, farm buildings, and

## A 17th-CENTURY RESIDENCE

Modernised. Hall and 2 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms (all with basins), 2 bathrooms, kitchen with 4-oven Esse cooker.

Main electricity and power. Central heating.

Small garden, good orchard. A really fine property with residence, cottages, and land in hand and in first-class order.

Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1. (L.R.22,419)

## 1½ HOURS EXPRESS FROM PADDINGTON

In a favourite part of the country and an excellent hunting district. High bus sheltered position. Everything in first-class order.

## STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

Containing hall and 3 sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms (5 with basins), dressing room, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Three cottages. Garage, stabling for 8, T.T. cowhouse for 15, barn.

## ABOUT 80 ACRES

Inspected and recommended.

JAMES STYLES &amp; WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.11,403)

Est. 1870 **WM. WOOD, SON & GARDNER** Tel. No. 1  
CRAWLEY, SUSSEX (three lines)

## SUSSEX

**DOUBLE-FRONTED BUNGALOW AND SMALLHOLDING, 18½ ACRES**  
Accommodation: 3 bed., bathroom, 2 recep., normal domestic offices. Range outbuildings. Well-tended garden. Productive kitchen garden.

Large orchard and 3 enclosures of pasture.

Ideal for poultry farm (1939 allocation believed to be 500 head), nursery or market garden.

PRICE £6,750 FREEHOLD. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

**SUSSEX—SURREY BORDER. COUNTRY TOWN**  
**DOCTOR'S WELL-BUILT DETACHED DOUBLE-FRONTED RESIDENCE**  
in central position.

Very suitable private or professional occupation, in particular dentist or accountant. Accommodation: 5 bed., bathroom, 3 recep., normal offices. All main services. Detached garage. Garden.

Main electric line station few minutes' walk.

PRICE £6,850 FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

## SURREY

## ATTRACTIVE MODERN BUNGALOW

Diamond lattice windows and 10 ACRES

Accommodation: 3 bed., bathroom, lounge, hall, dining room, kitchen. Garage, loose box and range of

Five Nissen huts, part converted pig styes.

All services. Ideal pig farm.

PRICE £7,500 FREEHOLD. IMMEDIATE VACANT POSSESSION

## WELLESLEY-SMITH &amp; CO.

17, BLAUGRAVE STREET, READING. Reading 2920 &amp; 4112.

## A BEAUTIFUL STONE-BUILT TUDOR GEM

In a lovely position, high with grand views. In the triangle of Bath, Devizes and Frome.

In immaculate condition

with painted internal walls

and exposed beams. Stone

mullioned windows. Lounge

hall, cloaks, magnificent

lounge (over 30 ft. long)

with dining recess, kitchen,

etc., 4-5 bedrooms, bath.

Central heating throughout.

Electricity. Co.'s water.

Garage, stable.

Old English garden, orchard and land, about 8 ACRES. FREEHOLD £7,500  
Inspected by the Sole Agents: WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO.

**QUEEN ANNE HOUSE**, 5 miles from St. Albans, cloaks, 4 sitting, 9 bed, 3 bath. All mains; garage; stabling. 2½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £7,500.

**17th-CENTURY HOUSE IN OXON VILLAGE**. Three sitting, 7 bed (basins), 2 bath. Central heating, own electric light and water; garage, timber bungalow, stabling, pasture. 6½ ACRES. £6,500.

Grosvenor 1553  
(4 lines)

# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
West Halkin St.,  
Belgrave Sq.,  
and 68, Victoria St.,  
Westminster, S.W.1

WITH VACANT POSSESSION AS A WHOLE OR WOULD BE DIVIDED

Northamptonshire. 3 miles main line, 1½ hours London.

## AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF 370 ACRES

comprising:—

### FARM OF 160 ACRES WITH GEORGIAN HOUSE

Six bedrooms, etc. Farmstead with modern cowhouse and 2 cottages.

### FARM OF 140 ACRES WITH ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE

Six bedrooms, etc. Farmstead with modern cowhouse for pedigree herd. Three cottages.

### FOR SALE INCLUDING LIVE AND DEAD STOCK

Full particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.

### A SELECTION FROM MESSRS. GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS' REGISTER OF FURNISHED COUNTRY HOUSES

**VIRGINIA WATER.** Modern House in pleasant surroundings. Five bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Double garage. Charming gardens 1½ ACRES. Available 3 months. Tenancies for **Ascot Week** and **Olympic Games Season** considered. (D.1349)

**THAMES AT SHEPPERTON.** Self-contained suite in riverside Georgian residence. Large double bedroom, bathroom, double reception room, study. Available 3-6 months or for **Olympic Games Season**. (A.4479)

**HERTS.** Modernised Farmhouse. Perfectly rural; 30 miles London. Four bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2-3 reception rooms. Garage. Kitchen garden, paddock, woodlands, in all **42 ACRES**. To be let for a term of one to three years. (A.4541)

**NORFOLK.** In grounds of 1,000 acres. Near Hunstanton and Brancaster. Nine principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Shooting might be arranged. Golf and sailing facilities available. To be let for summer months, 20 gns. per week. (A.5295)

**SOUTH DEVON.** Georgian Residence in grounds of 100 acres. Six principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, servants' rooms. Garages, stabling. Trout stream, hunting, etc. Available for summer months. (A.7111)

Full particulars of these and other furnished properties are obtainable from GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, as above.

### NEAR INGATESTONE, ESSEX

On high ground, near station and buses.



Ideal as a private residence or for a nursing home, school, etc., etc. Approached by a drive with lodge. Five rec., 12 bed., 2 baths. Main electric light and water. Modern drainage. Central heating. Gardens and grounds of about **5 ACRES** vacant possession (except lodge) on completion. **PRICE £7,500.** Full particulars of the Joint Sole Agents: Mr. H. W. INGLETON, F.R.I.C.S., the Estate Office, Ingatestone, Essex (Tel. 137), or Messrs. GEORGE TROLLOPE AND SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A.5063)

### NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA

Best residential quarter of well-known city.

High position. Buses pass.

### TO BE LET ON LEASE

AN EXCELLENT RESIDENCE DESIGNED BY SIR HERBERT BAKER,

CONTAINING 12 LIVING ROOMS,

THREE BATHROOMS, ETC.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

OUTBUILDINGS. TWO GARAGES.

**5½ ACRES**

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## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

### SOMERSET. ON THE BRENDON HILLS

High, yet sheltered, with glorious views. All-round sporting facilities.



Delightful 17th-century Residence with **150 acres**, mostly woodland; long drive. Nine bed, 3 baths, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms. Electric light. Garage. Farmery. Two cottages.

**£15,000 FREEHOLD**

F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 2481.

### IDEAL FOR SCHOOL, NURSING HOME OR RESIDENTIAL COUNTRY CLUB

Herts. One of the "lesser" stately homes of England. Between Hatfield and Hertford.

The dignified mansion is a classic example of Regency architecture with the Adams fireplaces, walnut panelling and oak parquet floors. Six reception rooms, 33 bedrooms, 9 bathrooms. Main services. Central heating. Delightful grounds with swimming pool and gymnasium.

### FOR SALE WITH 10 ACRES

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel.: Reg. 2481.

### ON THE SURREY HILLS

Near Walton Heath golf course.

Charming residence of the Surrey Manor House type with an extremely comfortable interior. Four reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, staff quarters. Central heating. Main services. Garage. Stabling. Three cottages. Delightful gardens and grounds.

### 16 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

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SEVENOAKS 2247-8  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS 46  
OXFORD 240  
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## IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO.

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OXFORD, SURREY  
REIGATE, SURREY

### THREE MILES FROM A TOWN, IN A RURAL SITUATION



Within easy daily reach of London. This splendidly designed and appointed Modern Residence. Hall, cloak-room, loggia, two reception, excellent offices and staff room, four bedrooms, bathroom. Garage. Greenhouse. Timbered garden ¼ ACRE **FREEHOLD £7,500**  
Sole Agents: IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., 125, High Street, Sevenoaks (Tel. 2247/8).

### CHALFONT ST. GILES, BUCKS

Picturesque modern architect-designed Residence. High up, residential position. Five bedrooms, bathroom, two reception rooms. Main services. Central heating. Garage. Beautiful garden, **1 ACRE**  
**FREEHOLD £8,750**  
**VACANT POSSESSION**  
Recommended: IBBETT, MOSELY, CARD & CO., 47, High Street, Reigate (Tel. 2938 and 3793).



184, BROMPTON ROAD  
LONDON, S.W.3

## BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington  
0152-3

**55 MILES LONDON.** Fully attested. **600-ACRE** farm carrying pedigree **GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE**, 3 rec., 7 bed. (fitted basins), 2 baths, excellent offices, Aga, central heating, electricity, septic tank drainage. The land all in ring fence. Bordered on south by a river, 1 mile good fishing. **17 ACRES** orchards, choice dessert apples, plums, cherries. Three sets of bldgs. Ballif's house. 9 cottages. Immediate possession. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD** as going concern, lock, stock and barrel.

**EXETER 5 MILES.** Fully Attested Farm, **300 ACRES. GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE OF CHARACTER**, modernised, beautifully appointed. Splendid modern bldgs. Ballif's house. Two cottages. Possession. **FREEHOLD.**

**SHREWSBURY.** First-class fully attested Farm, around **300 ACRES** rich land. 5,000 galls. monthly. Ring fence, level, title free. Nice farmhouse, 3 rec., 5 bed., bath. Splendid T.T. bldgs., tying 80. Four cottages. Poss. **FREEHOLD.**

**SAFFRON WALDEN.** Easy daily reach London. Just offered. **CHARMING OAK-BEAMED GENTLEMAN'S SMALL RESIDENCE** with every modern convenience, the acme of comfort, 2 rec., 4 bed. fitted basins, bath, W.C., excellent offices. Main water and elec. **20 ACRES** in first-class condition. Profitable green-garden orchard. An ideal self-supporting little place, admirably suitable poultry, pigs, etc. Immediate poss. **FREEHOLD £7,000 INCLUSIVE.**

**CORNISH COAST, NEAR LOOE.** Magnificent view. Considered one of the best farms in Cornwall. Around **220 ACRES**, carrying T.T. Guernsey herd. **SUPERIOR RESIDENCE**, every modern convenience, large rooms, would be ideal for guest house. Main elec. Exceptional bldgs. **TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD OR AS A GOING CONCERN.**

**MINEHEAD.** Views over Bristol Channel. Splendid Farm, **110 ACRES**, mostly pasture. **STONE-BUILT FARMHOUSE**, 3 bed, bath, 2 rec. Excellent bldgs., tying 20. Poss. **FREEHOLD ONLY £8,000.**

**BARGAIN, DEVON.** Dairy and Mixed Farm, **150 ACRES**, mostly pasture. Good farmhouse, 5 bed. Excellent bldgs. Suitable accredited herd. **POSS. FREEHOLD** only **£5,500.** View at once to secure.

**NEAR PETERBOROUGH.** Important estate embracing half the village, including an **ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE**, with **140 ACRES**. Modern home-stead, dairy bldgs., tying 50. Three period cottages. Also a **GEORGIAN RESIDENCE** of fine proportions and character. **160 ACRES**, homestead, 2 cottages. Also an excellent Farm of **70 ACRES**. Good house, bldgs., cottage, and an early **TUDOR RESIDENCE**. Two further cottages. For sale as a whole, or might be divided. Details of the owner's agents, as above.



5, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON. W.1

## CURTIS & HENSON

### COUNTY WICKLOW. IN THE KILDARE HUNT

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)  
Established 1875

About 30 miles from Dublin. On a 600-acre estate farmed by the owner.

**ATTRACTIVE HOUSE. UNSPOILT ARCHITECTURE**



Fitted with all modern labour saving devices.

Eight principal bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms. Good domestic offices and servants' rooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

ESSE COOKER.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Maids' sitting room.

GARAGES.

Splendid hunter stabling.

Delightful gardens, including fully-stocked walled garden. En Tout Cas tennis court.

**TO BE LET FURNISHED ON LEASE.**

Further particulars from Messrs. JACKSON-STOPS & McCABE, 30, College Green, Dublin, and Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, London, W.1.



3, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

## RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor  
1032-33

### ON THE BEAUTIFUL COTSWOLD HILLS

Between Cheltenham and Stroud. 750 ft. above sea level.

Panoramic views for over 60 miles.

**ORIGINAL STONE-BUILT HOUSE ADDED TO IN 1914**



Completely redecorated and in spotless condition throughout. Period interior. Stone mullioned windows. Three large reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 baths.

Main electricity and water.

Central heating. Aga cooker.

Large garage and out-buildings. Terraced gardens of great charm.

**ABOUT 2 ACRES. SHADY TREES, TENNIS COURT, ETC.**

**FREEHOLD £12,000. POSSESSION JUNE NEXT**

Interior photographs with RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

**BETWEEN CHALFONT ST. GILES and CHALFONT ST. PETER**  
Frequent bus and Green Line coach services. Gerrards Cross 3 miles. On hillside overlooking valley of River Misbourne. Fine view to south-west.

**PICTURESQUE WELL-BUILT SMALL HOUSE**

erected about 30 years ago, entirely upon two floors. Lounge and 2 reception, maid's bedroom and bathroom, 4 bedrooms, dressing room and bathroom on first floor (all with h. and c.), large attic. Main services, gas and power points. Immersion heater, radiators. Garage (separate approach). Well-stocked gardens, lawns, fruit trees, tennis lawn, shady forest trees and shrubberies. Owner going abroad.

**ABOUT 1 ACRE. FREEHOLD AS IT STANDS COMPLETE WITH CONTENTS £10,000, OR £8,500 (EMPTY). POSSESSION SEPTEMBER NEXT**  
Personally recommended by Owner's only Authorised Agents, as above.

**HARPENDEN**

Close to common, golf course, shops and station. Frequent bus and Green Line coach services. On high ground.

**Unusually Attractive Small Labour-saving OLD-STYLE HOUSE**

Upon two floors, built a few years ago of red brick, lattice windows, half timbering. Set back from select road. Four reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, dressing room (h. and c.). All services connected. Two garages. Secluded gardens a feature of the property, lawns, orchard and natural woodland with some fine trees.

**IN ALL ABOUT 1½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £7,500. Possession on completion.**

**TEN MILES INLAND FROM EASTBOURNE**

Frequent bus services. On outskirts of quaint village.

**TYPICAL SUSSEX FARM HOUSE**

Greater part dating from A.D. 1600, with many period characteristics. Carefully restored and modernised. Three reception, maid's sitting room, kitchen (tiled floor), 4 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Large oak-floored loft, would convert into study or bedroom. All main services. Garage. Delightful grounds, highly productive and well cultivated lawns, fruit trees, paddock intersected by small stream.

**ABOUT 3½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £7,500. Possession on completion.**

16, ARCADE STREET,  
IPSWICH  
Ipswich 4334

**IMPORTANT SALE BY AUCTION IN JUNE OR JULY.**

### THE WAVERLEY ABBEY ESTATE

FARNHAM, SURREY

In the beautiful well-timbered Valley of the Wey, 38 miles from London, with fast service.

Waverley Abbey comprises a fine Georgian residence in beautiful situation in shrubbed grounds and park, sloping down to the river and facing south, with very ample accommodation, and main services close by; ample out-buildings; entrance lodge; also picturesque ruins of the historic Waverley Abbey; and 84 acres with excellent sporting. Also various farms, smallholdings, cottages and most attractive woodland and other building sites.

**The Estate will be offered by Auction first as a whole and if not so sold then in 25 Lots, unless previously sold privately.**

Particulars in due course of Messrs. HEWETT & LEE, Alresford, Hants, or Messrs. WOODCOCKS, 30, St. George Street, London, W.1, as above.

Solicitors: Messrs. HERBERT SUMPTER & Co., 3-4, Adelaide Street, Charing Cross, London, W.C.1.

## WOODCOCKS

Enjoying glorious views to the Hog's Back.

**SURREY. 1½ miles Woking. GENTLEMAN'S FINE MODERN FAMILY RESIDENCE.** Lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 principal bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall and bedrooms. Main services. Beautiful grounds 4½ ACRES. Chauffeur's 5-roomed cottage, garage 2 cars, loose box.—Inspected, WOODCOCKS, London Office.

High up, overlooking rolling country.

**HERTS. 1½ miles Buntingford Station, London 30. Small Residential Holding. GENTLEMAN'S BUNGALOW.** Two reception (one large), large bedroom, bathroom, etc. Central heating, main services. Also good cottage, 5 rooms and bath. Woodland, orchard, garden 2 ACRES, arable 14 ACRES. Outbuildings. **POSSESSION. FREEHOLD £6,250.**—Inspected, WOODCOCKS, London.

Perfectly secluded. Views over country, river and sea.

**SUFFOLK COAST 1 MILE (nr. Southwold). UNIQUE RESIDENCE** with magnificent oak panelled lounge (34 ft. x 24 ft.), 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heat. Mains electricity, water. Bungalow, double garage. Walled gardens, hard tennis court, spinney, arable land, about 16 ACRES. Two cottages. **FREEHOLD £12,500.**—Apply: Ipswich Office.

30, ST. GEORGE STREET,  
HANOVER SQUARE, W.1  
Mayfair 5411

To be Let Unfurnished on Lease.

**EAST SUFFOLK (Saxmundham district). PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE** close large village. Three reception, maid's sitting room, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, play room. Garages. Mains electricity. Well-stocked ornamental, kitchen and fruit gardens, tennis lawn, about 1 ACRE. **RENT £150 PER ANNUM, exclusive.**—Apply: Ipswich Office.

**BIDEFORD, DEVON. A FINE HOME** (8 bed and 3 sitting rooms, electric light, etc.), and a lucrative nursery, 3½ ACRES in all, showing handsome return; owner going abroad offers **VACANT POSSESSION**, complete with trade stocks, 2 motor cultivators, and all other equipment at **£14,000**. Unique opportunity.—WOODCOCKS, London Office.

**WANTED**

**RYE-TENTERDEN-HOLLINGTON triangle.** Lady of means seeks **ATTRACTIVE SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE**, 2-3 reception, 4-6 bedrooms, small acreage; garage 2 cars. Will pay up to about **£10,000**. Possession by arrangement.—Mark envelopes "Abbey," WOODCOCKS, London Office.

**FARM WANTED**

**GENTLEMAN FARMER** requires to purchase (or would hire) a first-class Dairy and Stock Farm of **400-600 ACRES** with large superior residence and first-class buildings for a pedigree attested herd. Sussex or Hants preferred. **GOOD PRICE PAID FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.**—"W.J." c/o WOODCOCKS, London Office.

SALISBURY  
(Tel. 2491)

## WOOLLEY & WALLIS

and at RINGWOOD  
& ROMSEY

### WYLYE VALLEY

South Wills. Salisbury 9 miles.

### NOTED FARM AND MANOR 895 ACRES

of productive corn and dairy land including

WEALTHY WATER MEADOWS.

### MANOR HOUSE OF XVIIth CENTURY

Stone and flint chequer work.

MODERN FARM HOUSE.

ATTESTED DAIRY BUILDINGS. SEVEN COTTAGES.

Dry fly fishing. Excellent shooting.

**AUCTION MAY 25, 1948**

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23, MOUNT ST.,  
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

## WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor  
1441

### N. IRELAND. IN GOOD SPORTING COUNTRY

Two miles from the county town of Omagh, Co. Tyrone.

#### ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE



Well equipped and in good order. Hall and 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Good outbuildings and gardener's cottage.

Main electric light. Good water supply and drainage. Walled garden, grass and woodland.

16 ACRES

First-class salmon fishing available.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, AT REASONABLE FIGURE

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### MARYLAND, FRINTON-ON-SEA

The finest position in this favourite East Coast resort.

#### ADJOINING THE FAMOUS TENNIS COURTS AND THE GOLF COURSE

Close to the sea with good views.

#### FINE MODERN HOUSE

Seventeen bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, complete domestic offices.

Main services. Central heating.

Charming gardens about 3 ACRES



FOR SALE PRIVATELY OR BY AUCTION LATER

Joint Auctioneers: TOMKINS HOMER & LEY, Frinton-on-Sea; and WILSON & CO., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

Grosvenor  
2861

## TRESIDDER & CO.

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Telegrams:  
"Cornishman, London."

### SUSSEX—KENT BORDERS

Hour's rail London, outskirts of village.



#### This most Attractive COUNTRY HOUSE

in excellent order and recently modernised throughout. Hall, 3 reception, 2 bath., 7-10 bedrooms. All main services. Telephone. Central heating. Double garage, stable. Excellent flat. Delightful grounds with collection of flowering trees and shrubs.

Tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden and paddock, 3½ ACRES. Inspected and strongly recommended by Sole Agents: TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1 (23,342)

### FISHING IN THE WINDRUSH

COTSWOLDS. CHARMING CHARACTER RESIDENCE in lovely old village. Lounge hall, 3 reception, cloakroom, 2 bath., 8-10 bedrooms, studio. Main e.l. Central heating. Garages. Stabling. ANCIENT DOVECOTE. Cottage (let at £100 p.a.). Delightful gardens, orchard, etc., bounded by TROUT STREAM. 4 ACRES. £12,500.—Head Agents: TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, S.W.1. (17,289)

### HISTORICAL RESIDENCE. 45 ACRES

Between Tunbridge Wells and East Grinstead, near bus route.

#### FOR SALE THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD RESIDENCE

part dating from 1485, with many interesting features, oak panelling and floors, exposed oak beams, open fireplaces, etc. Hall, 4 reception, billiard room, 6 bathrooms, 10 best bed and dressing rooms. Main electricity. Central heating. Garage for 6. Stabling. Cottage. Two flats.



LOVELY GROUNDS OF GREAT CHARM. Kitchen and fruit gardens, orchards and parkland. TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (7,716)

BUCKS, 5 miles Aylesbury. In charming village. PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE DATING FROM 16th CENTURY. Oak-beamed lounge hall, 2 other reception, bathroom, 6-9 bedrooms (5 h. and c.). Main electric light, water and drains. Telephone. Two garages. Stabling. Delightful secluded and well-stocked gardens, kitchen garden, etc. 1 ACRE. FREEHOLD. FOR SALE AT REASONABLE PRICE.—TRESIDDER AND Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,855)

Central  
9344/5/6/7

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Established 1789  
AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS.  
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### BERKSHIRE

Newbury about 3 miles

#### THE IMPORTANT COUNTRY SEAT

#### BENHAM PARK

Fine suite of entertaining rooms, 26 principal and secondary bedrooms, 7 bathrooms.

Ample staff accommodation.

GARAGES. STABLING.

EIGHT COTTAGES.



Pleasure and kitchen gardens.

Well-timbered parklands with lake.

in all about 200 ACRES (or smaller area if required).

TO BE LET

Unfurnished ON LEASE for a term of years.

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AND CAMBRIDGE

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#### THE WOODBOROUGH AND CAMERTON ESTATE

TEN EXCELLENT FARMS.

NUMEROUS LOTS OF ACCOMMODATION LANDS.

SEVEN SMALL HOLDINGS.

SIX LOTS OF MATURED WOODLANDS.

The whole extending to

76 HOUSES AND COTTAGES.

2,727 ACRES and producing Gross Rentals of about £4,800 per annum. Also 8 ACRES of Leasehold Land and TWO COTTAGES at Wrightlington. To be Sold by Auction in 122 Lots (unless sold privately meanwhile).

By R. C. KNIGHT & SONS, as above, in conjunction with GEO. TROLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, S.W.1, from whom particulars and plans may be obtained.



Telegrams:  
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# JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Mayfair 6341  
(10 lines)

FOR SALE BY AUCTION IN MAY

## WOLDINGHAM DENE, WOLDINGHAM

SEVEN BEDROOMS, DRESSING ROOM,  
BATHROOM, HALL AND 3 RECEPTION  
ROOMS.

CENTRAL HEATING.

MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER.



GARAGE FOR TWO.

LODGE.

AND BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT  
GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Recommended by HARRY WATNEY & Co.,  
4a Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.2, and  
JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square,  
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## SURREY. FINEST POSITION ON ST. GEORGE'S HILL

PERFECTLY DECORATED AND WELL APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE

with unrivalled views of the North Downs.



Four reception rooms, study,  
cloakroom, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms,  
excellent offices with staff quarters.

CENTRAL HEATING.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

LARGE GARAGE.

MODERN COTTAGE.

Secluded grounds naturally laid  
out, and productive kitchen garden.

OVER 7 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD  
WITH VACANT  
POSSESSION



Inspected and highly recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

(22 544)

JUST IN THE MARKET

### IN THE TEST VALLEY

(Andover 4 miles.)

With nearly half mile valuable fishing in the  
River Test.

### AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

on the outskirts of one of the prettiest villages in  
this favoured county.

Eight bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms,  
3 or 4 reception rooms. Good offices. Esse  
cooker.

MAIN ELECTRICITY.



## HAMPSHIRE

EXCELLENT WATER SUPPLY.

FIRST-RATE BUILDINGS.

STARLING FOR 4. DOUBLE GARAGE.

FIVE EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

Secluded gardens. Rough grazing and woodland

IN ALL ABOUT 32 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Full particulars from Joint Sole Agents,  
RAWLANCE & SQUARE, Salisbury (phone  
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Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

By direction of the Countess of Yarborough.

TO BE SOLD

### THE ISLAND ESTATE OF GRULINE, MULL

Salen 1/2 mile, Tobermory 9 miles. Situated in the most  
picturesque part of the island.



### IN ALL 3,500 ACRES CHARMING RESIDENCE

With 7 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Secondary  
residence with 5 bedrooms.  
HOME FARM. SEVERAL COTTAGES.

Very fine timber.  
Light and power from Hydro Electric Plant.  
Salmon and sea trout fishing, brown trout in Hill Loch,  
deer stalking, rough shooting. Altogether a most attractive  
residential, agricultural and sporting estate.  
Full particulars from the Sole Selling Agents: JOHN D.  
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## SURREY

Between Dorking and Reigate.  
A Freehold Residential and Agricultural Property  
comprising about 240 acres.

All on a Southern slope.

The principal residence enjoys good views and contains:—  
Hall, cloakroom, 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms,  
MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER.

CENTRAL HEATING.

Charming garden with plenty of fruit. Cottage.  
For sale with possession of about 75 acres; the  
remainder, which includes a first-class farm, carry-  
ing a Pedigree Dairy Herd, being let.

Price £30,000 Freehold.

Owner's Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley  
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### THE ISLAND ESTATE OF TRUMLAND AND WESTNESS.

#### ROUSAY, ORKNEY, N.B.

Within daily reach of London, Edinburgh and Glasgow by  
air service.

Over 7,000 ACRES, including several excellent farms and  
other holdings.

Principal residence with 4 reception rooms, 7 family  
bedrooms, 5 bathrooms.

ELECTRICITY. CENTRAL HEATING.

CHARMING SECONDARY RESIDENCE, ALSO  
MODERNISED.

Good dogging moor yielding a varied bag of grouse,  
woodcock, numerous snipe, wild duck, golden plover, etc.  
Three capital trout lochs with exceptional records of catches.

Several good cottages. Perimeter country road.  
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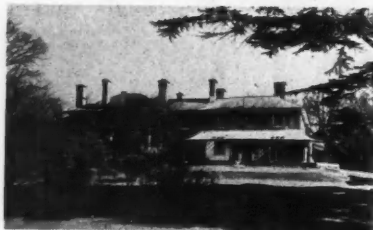
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Photo: Walter Stoneman, London

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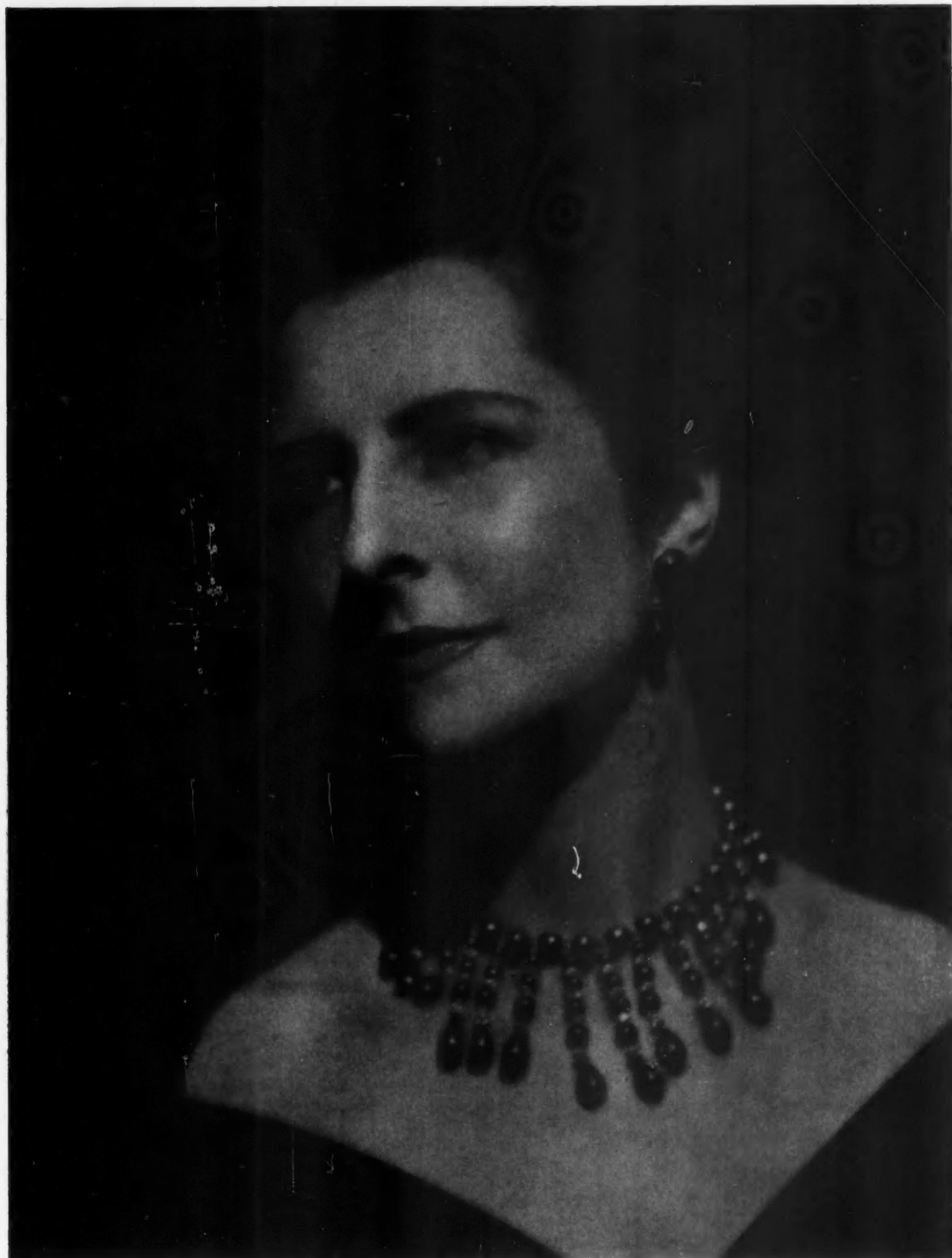
Featured: *Cattleya Nigget*,  
a fascinating and unusual  
hybrid in this popular  
family of orchids.



# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CIII No. 2674

APRIL 16, 1948



*Harlip*

## HER EXCELLENCY MADAME RENÉ MASSIGLI

Madame René Massigli is the wife of His Excellency Monsieur René Massigli, the French Ambassador in London

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## LOCAL ELECTIONS

IT seems a great pity to many people, and has done for some time past, that local government elections should be conducted more and more on lines of party political organisation. From this point of view the practical identification of the local with the Parliamentary franchise has no doubt had its effect, and has made it easier to use already existing electoral machinery for other than Parliamentary purposes. It is certainly impossible to argue that in many cases the opinions and qualities which are desirable in an Urban or Rural District Councillor—or indeed desired by the majority of electors in their constituents—have any connection with those for which a Party ticket is given. There are still, of course, many councillors returned unopposed—especially in rural districts—when their tenure of office comes to an end, and a triennial term of office does not lend itself to political organisation so easily as the “clean sweep” of the Parliamentary system. But so far as the recent elections are concerned, the number of definitely independent candidates who were returned in contests with Party political opponents, and the latter were apparently for the most part supporters of the present Government, seems to show a definite revolt against the political system as applied to local government, and very largely forced upon the electorate by that particular Party. That is a welcome sign, but it must be admitted that there has for long been too much apathy in the electors’ attitude towards local government, and that the Socialists—whatever view one may take of their political philosophy—should be given credit for jogging the public conscience.

The new Representation of the People Act provides for the publication of two Parliamentary registers a year, and for the restoration of the system of registration of civilian electors which was in operation from 1918 to 1939, and there does not now seem much chance of Parliamentary voters finding their names omitted from the register. But in the past it has not always been so, and of recent years local electors have encountered many anomalies in lists prepared by inexperienced hands. In the last elections a case is quoted of a husband who found the name of his recently married wife entered on the register to the exclusion of his own, and the story is told of a revising clerk who cut down the number of persons of the same name who lived at the same address “as it seemed improbable to her that there could be more than one.” On the other hand we are told that of the sixty-eight electors on the register of a ward in Dartford rural area only five failed to vote, and two of them arrived at the polling booth a minute too late. That record certainly provides an example which might well be followed in more populous areas.

The main thing to be desired is that at all levels of local government electors should make it a personal responsibility to find out in good time to exercise their vote that they have not by some error or mischance been deprived of it. If they take the trouble to do this they will generally take the trouble to consider the real qualifications of the candidates appealing to them, and possibly some of the more important local issues with which their representatives will have to deal. It is worth noting, incidentally, that the new Act provides for reform in the election of parish councillors. This in future will in all cases be conducted by means of nomination, and, if necessary, a poll; the provision of the Local Government Act of 1933 for election of councillors by show of hands at a parish meeting, or at a subsequent poll are now abolished. Regulations are also made for the conduct of the poll at both district and parish elections, and for keeping the poll open in both cases after eight in the evening if the candidates demand it.

## FARMERS' INCOME-TAX

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS proposes that henceforth all farmers shall be assessed for income-tax under Schedule D on their profits. Until now the smaller men have been assessed under Schedule B at a flat rate based on the annual value of the land they occupy. At present their farming incomes are assessed at three times their rentals. A large number of farmers will be affected by this change, as three

## THE HYDRO

*WE talked together, each proclaimed an ill,  
My aching knee and your rheumatic  
shoulder;*

*We spoke of douche, heat-bath, injection, rub and  
pill;*

*And then from careless heart  
The cuckoo in a bush beyond the hill  
Mocked us with happy shout,  
As if his cry would flout*

*Our human woes; that we grow older  
Spring does not care, though with such skill  
Of fern and moss she decks the ancient boulder;  
But for her human old she'll use no art.  
And yet, Oh Spring! no weight of years can kill  
This something in my soul that answers true:  
Youth cannot die—Cuckoo,  
I flaunt you too—Cuckoo, Cuckoo.*

WINIFRED LETTS.

out of four of the farms in the United Kingdom are no more than 100 acres in size and most of these have come under Schedule B so far. As the Chancellor has said, with the present system of guaranteed prices there is no reason why farmers should not, in common with everyone else, pay tax on their true income. Whether or not the tax collector gathers more money when all the small farmers have to put in their accounts remains to be seen. Certainly there will be more work made for the tax offices, and they are already far behind. Beyond question the Chancellor has taken the right decision in principle, although it is unwelcome to many thousands of small farmers who already find themselves harassed by an excess of forms and returns. The National Agricultural Advisory Service will have to add book-keeping to the subjects on which they already provide free advice and demonstration to farmers.

## ROMNEY MARSH

ACCORDING to Barham, in *The Ingoldsby Legends*, the world is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Romney Marsh. It may be the age-old detachment and seclusion of the latter sub-continent which has marked it down for investigation as a possible victim for State ownership and agricultural experiment. But there are other reasons which make it tempting. The very name “Marsh” suggests a fit subject for reclamation and State enterprise, misnomer as it obviously is for what a few years ago was the most famous and inten-

sively stocked pasture in the world. This alluvial triangle has been well and intricately drained for centuries, and it is not only treeless but, as a result of its farming system, very bare of buildings. In the past there has been little arable and little need for farm buildings when the lambs were sent inland every August for wintering on the upland farms of Kent and Surrey and Sussex. When ploughing-up came during the war, farm buildings had to be improvised to meet new needs, and it was easy enough to say that re-equipment and re-organisation were necessary over the whole area. We still need arable, and it is possible, we suppose, to argue to-day that the work and equipment necessary for the Marsh's full and efficient use on a war-time pattern cannot reasonably be expected to be carried out by the existing landowners and tenant farmers. At the same time ploughing-up has shown what fine arable crops can be grown—for a time—on the stored-up fertility of these century-old pastures, and what results could be credited to the State's first big adventure in farming! But what about the expansion of livestock production which is alleged to be our long-term policy? With this in view shall we allow the most famous pastures in the world to be broken up, and sacrifice forever the renown of Romney Marsh?

## ANGLERS' CO-OPERATION

DURING recent Parliamentary discussion of the River Boards Bill the complaint was often repeated that the arrangements for appointing the local government representatives and Ministerial nominees who are to make up the personnel of the Boards provide no specific representation for anglers. There are said to be two million of them in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and no organisation is more vitally interested in the burning question of pollution—Lord Cawdor has called them “the watch-dogs of our rivers.” It is therefore good to see the recently formed Anglers' Co-operative Association giving the campaign a prominent place in its list of aims. The Association has come into being after two years' quiet but persistent pioneering work by Mr. J. F. Eastwood, K.C., and it offers more advantages to anglers than can be summarised here. Its address is 45, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, and the ordinary subscription is £1 a year. If the A.C.A. can bring into line the many other well-organised bodies with more limited aims, there seems no reason why a panel scheme for selecting members of the Boards, on the lines suggested in the House of Lords debate, should not be worked out before the Bill is finally passed.

## DIFFICULT OR EASY?

ONE of our leading professional golfers, Dai Rees, has been complaining that tees are put back and the course made difficult when a professional tournament is to be played on it. He contrasts this with the policy in America which, he says, consists in “making the conditions perfect so as to ensure that the professional returns a flow of middle sixties,” which “gives him prestige and draws the crowd.” If this is Rees's view he will find few golfers worthy of the name in this country to agree with him. It is true that there has been a tendency in America to make everything as easy as possible in order to “boost” some particular golfing resort by fantastic scores which shall find their way into national newspapers. But real golfers in America have ceased to pay attention to these scores, the United States Golf Association has issued the strongest possible manifesto against laxity in observing the rules, and the American P.G.A. have fallen in with their views, and agreed that their tournaments shall in future be played in conformity with the rules of golf. In these circumstances Rees seems to have chosen a most unfortunate moment for his pronouncement. Courses are made long and difficult for professionals as a compliment to their skill, and in order that they may be seen with their powers properly tested. It is to be hoped that we shall never sink to “popularising” the game by scores which mean little or nothing.





THE COTTAGE IN THE WOODS: BAGTOR, DEVON

F. C. Eeles

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THE coincidence of the Easter holidays with bright warm weather occurring after a drought that had lasted a month may have been a very welcome state of affairs for holiday-makers at the seaside and those who live by the proceeds thereof, but it had a really disastrous effect in those areas where there is much forest and moorland. On Good Friday in this part of the New Forest the fire-warning siren started to sound at approximately 10.30 a.m. and continued to do so throughout the day approximately every hour until after dark. At midday clouds of peat-scented smoke rolled through my garden from a particularly fierce forest fire less than a quarter of a mile away to windward, which, if it had reached the dense woodland that almost encircles the house, would have assumed the most alarming proportions, since beneath the trees the dead bracken, bramble and leaves are more than knee-deep.

While the fire brigade were fighting this blaze, a second one started half a mile away to the north, and, on going up to the high ground from which one can look over three counties, I noticed that we were ringed in by conflagrations. Hampshire, of course, was living up to its reputation and was probably top of the league table with eight distinct blazes in view, but there were two very fine columns of smoke rising from the southern slopes of the Wiltshire downs, and, away to the west, Dorset, with its extensive and historical heaths, appeared to be having a very warm time of it, since on the horizon the many clouds of smoke seemed to merge into one vast blur which blotted out the skyline.

It is admitted that everything at Eastertime this year was ideal from the point of view of a series of really serious blazes, since all the undergrowth and accumulated leaves of many years were as dry as tinder to the lowest stratum after the long spell of drought and sunshine. At the same time, the incidence of very severe frosts at night had held back the lush springtime growth of grass and weeds that is normally a marked deterrent to the rapid spread of a heath or woodland fire.

I do not know why the town holiday-maker must invariably be so careless and stupid, for

no one can say he is not duly warned. The B.B.C. announcer on the evening before the holiday, with a sob of sincerity in his voice (or it might have been only an incipient cold), besought everyone on the morrow to be most careful of picnic fires and cigarette ends. I can only presume that few of the would-be holiday-makers bound for this part of the world were listening, but that on the contrary the majority of them were searching their houses for boxes of matches.

ALTHOUGH on several occasions I have seen a couple of hares and sometimes three or four cutting the most ridiculous capers in the early days of spring, thus justifying the expression "as mad as a March hare," it has never been my lot until this year to view a real old Bucks' Club demonstration such as correspondents describe from time to time. It was taking place one morning in March in a large field a few miles south of Salisbury and to the north of Downton, which might be called Richard Jefferies's country and which is possibly one of the best farmed districts in the land to-day. Since the field selected for the gathering had been recently harrowed in preparation for the sowing of oats or barley, it provided an excellent smooth surface, or dance floor, for the party which was in full swing when I passed in the car.

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Although I did give a signal that I was going to pull up, the driver of the car behind, who was not interested in hares, did not think I gave the signal soon enough, judging from the nasty look he gave me as he passed, and in any case he could not see the slightest reason why I had pulled up.

I SHOULD imagine that the invitations to attend the party were issued the day before, since there were upwards of fourteen hares squatting in a circle, and fourteen buck hares represents considerably more than the male population of any one twenty-acre field in this fairly well stocked area. So far as I could see, there was a Master of Ceremonies, who was conducting the show generally, and who looked rather larger than the remainder of the gathering. He was presumably giving the order for the individual hares to come out and do a solo turn in the centre of the ring, and apparently also led the assembly when it was time to do the grand chain which we used to perform in the far-off days of the Lancers. The grand chain was the most amusing part of the show, for, when a solo turn had finished performing somersaults and exaggerated jumps in the centre of the ring, the whole party would turn smartly to the right or left and dance round the circle with high kicks and capers. While the solo turn was taking place, the hares assembled in the ring were mostly standing on their hind legs and appeared to be waving their front paws in the air, giving the impression that they were either beating time or acting as an enthusiastically clapping audience.

After some five minutes of the show, the old buck in charge apparently gave the order "Dismiss," and every hare in the party immediately galloped away to the far corners of the field. Apparently, as sometimes happens with a battalion of infantry, the dismiss movement was not carried out with the smartness that the right type of adjutant demands at the conclusion of a parade, and the whole party was ordered to fall in again for further drill. When the second command to dismiss came a little later the hares lolloped away more slowly, and in a few minutes the field was completely empty, except for a couple of magpies who had been viewing the scene with marked disapproval.

# WILD LIFE AT AFRICAN WATER-HOLES

Written and Illustrated by CLELAND SCOTT



1.—A PRIDE OF LIONS IN EAST AFRICA. The male, as usual, keeps cautiously in the background

TO those who like to see and hear their game without walking themselves tired, or being bumped about the veld in a car or track, I would recommend both days and nights at various water-holes. "Still" hunting may not suit all natures, but for the aged or infirm it has a lot to commend it.

It is not even necessary to want either to photograph or to shoot the countless visitors to water, since a great deal of interest and fun can be obtained just by watching and listening.

The word water-hole is at times a trifle misleading; as often as not mud-hole would be more correct (Fig. 5). Water-holes vary greatly in type and locality, and consequently the clientele they attract varies. Tanganyika Territory is perhaps the best, closely followed by Kenya, because it has on the whole large areas of dry bush devoid of rivers where the water-hole comes into its own. Every now and then you come across one that is almost crystal clear; the clarity of the water depends to a great extent on the soil in which it is situated; a few are spring fed. At such places anything from a dik dik to an elephant may drink, day or night, according to whether it is heavily hunted or not. Rhino are very fond of mud baths and soon turn a corner of any hole into a wallow. Elephant, too, like to plaster themselves with mud, but, when they can, they go in and bathe as we do at the seaside. Many water-holes are pock-marked at the edges to a depth of at least eighteen inches with their huge footprints.

Some time after the very heavy long rains of 1947 I went to Tanganyika with the dual purpose of learning more about that territory and of shooting two elephant, all that one is allowed per year.

One of the areas I wanted to prospect was full of Boers seeking ivory, so I finally just drove into a sea of bush, firmly convinced that I should bump into some nomadic Masai. Once I found cattle tracks I knew they would lead either to some water-hole or to their temporary encampment, which in turn would mean water. (I consider that driving blindly into bush unknown to one is among the nice things still left in Africa.) I was beginning to wonder just when I should find water, when I struck a bunch of guinea-fowl and knew that it could not be very far off: it was just a case of finding *where* it was. Not long afterwards I heard the welcome bray of a donkey.

I found a Swahili-speaking man, and he agreed to take me to a big water-hole the next day. A few miles soon convinced me that it would be impossible to get a lorry anywhere near, that if I meant to camp there I should have to hire donkeys. The hole was a large one, over a hundred yards long and fully half as many wide with a depth of three feet in places. At it over a thousand head of cattle and donkeys drank daily, and, judging by the tracks, about half the elephant in Africa. While I was there I noticed that the water was not exactly pure: a small pyramid of elephant droppings

poking its apex above the water convinced me that I had best stick to tea and coffee. A herd of cattle arrived before I left and showed that the actual water level would drop comparatively slowly, since they stood round the water's edge for a lengthy period after drinking, and subsequently returned a proportion of what they had drunk to the common pool. From tracks it was clear that the elephant did not use the area near the Masai boma, and so the obvious thing to do was to go and camp at this water-hole.

The man I had engaged as guide possessed only two donkeys, and it is depressing how little you can get on to a donkey when it has to push its way past, through, over and under thorn bush of the hooked or "wait-a-bit" variety. I jettisoned article after article and found myself with two lamps, bed, bedding roll, basin, chop-box and a few cooking pots. I selected the downwind end of the water-hole, and put my bed under a nice leafy bower made by two bushes just fifteen yards from the water's edge; the kitchen was established under another bush twelve yards to one side and a little farther back.

The first herd of elephant arrived with the soup at full darkness. They trumpeted, they bathed, they drank, they rubbed against trees and splashed about like a lot of children at the seaside for the first time for years; they did not seem to mind the kitchen fire or the inevitable Dietz lanterns. After a full hour's frolicking they departed.

Hardly had they gone when a rhino snorted: rhino have a very healthy respect for elephant and presumably this one had been kept waiting for his drink, and owing to my camp was unable to use my end of the water-hole. He had hardly gone when a lot of clatter told me that a herd of buffalo were next on the queue: they drank noisily and lumbered off in a hurry, perhaps getting a whiff of tainted air from me and my followers owing to an odd eddy of wind.

I had begun to read, when I heard elephant down my end, but no one seemed to panic. Suddenly a loud plop close by told me that one elephant had evidently never taken a course in hygiene, for he, or she, was letting fall large segments of droppings straight into *our* drinking water. I could hear others sluicing themselves and every now and then a kind of gurgle as one sucked up a trunkful of muddy liquid. The one near me sounded to be suffering from a rather bad attack of flatulence, which, at a range of exactly sixteen yards as I discovered next morning, was a little overpowering. It seemed in no hurry to move, so I went to bed; all told it stayed in the same place for quite half an hour.

Elephant continued to come and go for what seemed most of the night, but all were most



2.—CATCH AS CATCH CAN





3.—WELL CAMOUFLAGED: A LEOPARD IN A TREE

considerate, so my surmise that none would deliberately step on my bed proved correct. Every now and then I heard what was presumably a solitary bull, just what I was after, but how was I to segregate his tracks from the maze I was going to find next morning?

Hyenas came and went, howling dismally as usual; the yaps of sundry jackal sounded as plaintive as ever; a leopard coughed his saw-like grunt; and not long afterwards a wild scurry and squeaks told me that a party of wart-hogs had either got the shock of their lives from my camp or had winded the leopard. It was an interesting night, but not exactly restful.

Next morning my worst fears about the difficulty of keeping on the tracks of any solitary bull elephant were quickly realised. From this particular hole led two main elephant "roads," one north and one east, with a less well-defined one meandering all over the place. I wasted hours trying to unravel my lone bull tracks and finally just followed those of one of the many herds. I quickly discovered that no elephant was to be found within at least eight miles of any water during daylight hours. In time I discovered five other bigish water-holes, and three small ones, which dried up and got trampled into pure mud while I was in the area. There appeared to be no rhyme or reason for a number of the holes being where they were. It was not a case of a hollow surrounded by hills, or the end of a long flat gully—just slight depressions in that sea of twelve-foot-high leafless bush. The more definite hollows seldom held water.

On the average I covered about twenty-three miles daily for very small doses of intense interest and excitement. The trouble was that one spent a large part of each day either trying to catch up or returning long distances afterwards. One rarely saw an elephant at more than twenty yards and seldom more than portions of it, so dense was the bush; more often than not the beast glimpsed was a cow. As anyone who has done much elephant hunting knows, one's chances, in thick cover, of first being able to find a good bull in a cow herd and then being able to manoeuvre into position for a vital shot are remote. What happened with sickening regularity was that some inquisitive or alert cow saw or smelt me; there were a few minor rushes on their part and some rapid hopping about on mine, but I avoided having to let off my rifle. I found one lone bull eventually, but his ivory was poor. In my wanderings I discovered that mine was by far the most popular drinking-place, so evidently elephant, like us, have their favourite pubs.

Once or twice I tried parking

rarely take advantage of their presence, for fear of firing just when an unseen elephant was perhaps within fifty yards, and would be alarmed even at the crack of a .22. At one of the water-holes a gaggle of Egyptian geese and some duck lived an isolated life hundreds of miles from any large sheet of water.

At times elephant are very fussy about the quality of their drinking-water. I remember once being camped on the Uaso Nyero river in Northern Kenya when there must have been a heavy storm a hundred miles or more away, as there was a sudden rise of several feet, and in consequence the water became dirty. We were after lion and passed near the river where it was joined by a sand one, into which the water had seeped. A small herd of elephant came down for a drink and, finding the water dirty, turned round, went back a short distance, proceeded to dig a small hole and so obtained filtered water.

Later on during this Tanganyika safari

myself at a water-hole until dusk in the hope that a herd would arrive early for a drink where there was no camp and where no cattle watered. This may have been sound in theory, but in practice it was disappointing. All the herds seemed to know that water-holes were dangerous places and best avoided in daylight.

The area I was operating in was thicker with doves than any I have come across; the cooing at times got on my nerves. Guinea-fowl too were plentiful, but I could

I used a small kopje as an observation post and three parts down it I discovered two small elephant wells. Whether they wanted to save themselves the trouble of walking hardly a mile to a perfectly clean water-hole, or whether they like to do their own digging and to have a special taste to their water I have no idea, but they scooped out two tiny places from under an overhanging rock in a small sandy gully and always drank there—again at night.

In time I got used to the arrival of these herds each night, or else I was too tired to hear them, but one night I woke up and heard what sounded like stealthy, almost ghostlike, foot-steps seemingly nearly touching me. A herd was feeding very close and presently branches were broken and creepers torn down, until one of the boys called that an elephant was almost in the kitchen. I was too tired to worry and went back to sleep. Next morning my boys seemed surprised I had not heard the great rumpus made when the herd suddenly winded us. Other nights none came at all.

But what endeared that far from restful camp to me was my old love, the lions. One

5.—MORE OF A MUD-HOLE THAN A WATER-HOLE  
A water-hole drained almost dry by drinking herds

drank almost every night, though sometimes he must have hunted farther off and used one of the other holes. He gave good value for his visits, indulging in some of the best grunting I have ever heard, though at times there seemed to be a nostalgic tone in some of his songs and speeches. One night he spent an hour over his drink and sounded to be grumbling to himself, making some of the oddest noises, from a lion



4.—HIPPOPOTAMUS MAKING THE MOST OF A POOL FORMED BY HEAVY RAINS



6.—NEITHER ALARMED NOR ANNOYED: A BULL ELEPHANT LOOKS ENQUIRINGLY AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER

wild or tame, that I have ever heard. A few nights later a party of four arrived, and they had a lot of fun and games, judging by the tracks and skid marks I found next morning, just thirty-five yards from my bed, where they had lain and stretched themselves by the water's edge. It was hard to tell from the tracks if there were three lionesses and one lion or two of each.

On my last night but one (and I spent fourteen there) I was awakened by the roar of a lion. Nothing grunt-like about that volume, which was of course single-toned: it came from the far end where my old gentleman drank, though perhaps he was not old at all, and it was answered by an equally livid roar from my end. I was extremely tired and thought sleepily: "Has my old pal tried to get fresh with one of the lionesses and been found out, or has she given him a brush off?" And I went back to sleep. I was awakened several more times by more roars, one or two of which sounded almost in my ear.

Suddenly something hit the end of my bed a most terrific smack. I sat up very fast and simultaneously let out a loud yell. Several very scared Negro voices called: "Master." I shouted back: "Who the devil is playing about with my feet?" I got the somewhat startling answer: "The lion." I dismissed this as native vapourings, when it dawned on me that my right foot felt sore from a wrench and that I was most uncomfortable. I lit a cigarette and by the flare of the match noticed that my bedding roll was about a foot over the end, and just as far off on the right-hand side of the bed, which was of the low metal-legged type. I lit a lamp, got up, and quickly noticed a very obvious pug mark just at the foot of the bed: then my eye lit on the cover of my bedding roll, and there were four perfectly new tears which certainly had not been there when I went to bed.

This discovery I felt called for celebration, so I told the cook to bring some tea, it being the witching hour of 3.10. By then the water area had shrunk to less than half its original size, and by merely looking one never knew if tea or coffee were arriving, so muddy had the water become. But I had no ill-effects then or later.

When I showed the cook the claw marks he assured me that had he not kept making up the fire when the roaring started the lion would have had me good and proper. I disagreed with him entirely, and next morning surprised the natives by refusing to give up elephant even for one day, put out a kill, and get the lion. Why should I? He had done me very little harm, and given me an experience that happens to few. If he was a man-eater, his form was so bad he deserved to die of starvation.

That lion, in my opinion, was just plain dumb. But it would interest me to know just

what he had in mind. By a curious coincidence I was camped about a hundred miles from a place called Singida where there had been a few cases of man-eating which had been quickly turned to advantage by a bunch of Africans. For a sum of money, and a small one at that, the "lion men" would bump off anyone you liked, and their tally was considerable. It was seriously suggested that perhaps they had a tame lion which they taught to kill the desired



7.—AN IDEAL WALLOWING-PLACE FOR A RHINOCEROS

victim, a theory too fantastic for serious consideration. A lion is much too much of an individualist to do what you want *when* you want: there is nothing of the friend of man or dog-like about him, and obedience is foreign to his nature. The upshot was that in spite of beautiful pug marks, and rather amateurish claw marks on the bodies of those murdered, a number of men and women were to be hanged unless some lawyer got them off on appeal.

Having drunk my tea, I went to sleep again and was a little annoyed to be awakened four more times, on these occasions by lions grunting. What was rather odd was that the grunts came and went, so to speak; they got farther away and then came closer, then got farther away again, and they came from opposite poles. Lions often grunt when they want to drive game in a desired direction, but then only from one side; the game move on and are killed by a lion, or more often a lioness, which is lying in wait beyond the unsuspecting victims - to-be. This grunting was obviously no team work, but more like cursing, or

two small boys shouting "ya boo" at each other from a safe distance. Only one member of the party of four was grunting, presumably the male; the other grunts came from the unsuccessful suitor.

I wonder if my solitary friend, being annoyed that he got no favourable response to his advances, was wandering about and stumbled by chance on me. I had dispensed with a mosquito net and so was comparatively inconspicuous. Having bumped into my bed, and feeling thoroughly disgruntled, he perhaps just had a swipe at it, to vent his fury on something. I was glad my feet had been in the middle of the valise, causing him to miss them by seven inches, because had he hit one he would have been bound to have damaged it with his extended claws, and this would have cramped my walking style considerably. There had been plenty of force behind the blow and, after all, he shifted the valise with me on it a good foot in two directions.

Or was he just plainly curious and for some reason lost his nerve? Or did he mistake me for some quaint new form of *fauna* which was incautious enough to lie down near water? Perhaps, being in a disconsolate frame of mind, he was just mooning about and saw or smelt me, and the lion's inveterate curiosity got the better of him. Having reached me he was rather nonplussed and not at all sure how safe it was (I

know this frame of mind so well from dozens of examples from my own tame lions). He may have felt that he just must find out what this object was; lions do not come across many camp beds in their lives, but he did not intend to get himself into any jam. Being cautious by nature he paused at the foot of my bed and extended one paw, came into contact with the strange feeling valise, withdrew the paw violently, and ran for his life at my yell. (I have often proved that if you yell loudly at a lion he is startled and, finding his bluff called, decides that discretion is wisest.) This is perhaps the most likely explanation, though I am still positive that I received a blow and not a pull.

I hoped this experience, and it had been a queer sensation for the very brief time it had lasted, might change my luck, but all that happened next day was that I came across a small herd of cow elephants each with a calf and they were definitely unfriendly. By the time I had sorted this out I got even farther away than usual and had a fourteen and a half hour walk, the last two and a quarter in the dark; so I was glad of a large moon. Not a grunt or a sound did I hear that night. I should have liked to have stayed to see if all five lions continued to use the same water-hole, and if my friend would go on playing "last touch" with me, but I had to leave them.



8.—A MONITOR LIZARD SUNNING ITSELF



# DIMINISHING THE GARDEN

By MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH

IN these times many people are faced with the problem of turning a large garden that they cannot properly maintain into a small garden that they can easily look after themselves. This is not at all a difficult matter in many cases, but in others the old garden is of very little help in the making of the new. It depends a great deal on how well furnished the old garden was. The valuable plants worth moving are azaleas, camellias, roses, small cherries, small rhododendrons and hydrangeas. Most valuable of all are the Japanese evergreen azaleas, as they are portable at any age and one can make a labour-free garden of the greatest charm with them so easily. Few herbaceous plants are really worth the labour of moving. Lilies are too fugacious, and the commoner bulbs of other kinds seldom repay the work of digging up and replanting. At the same time, money spent on extra labour to salvage plants shows a very good return.

When one goes out to find the shrubs and bring them into the new small garden one is often appalled at how little can be salvaged from acres of now abandoned lawn, terrace and herbaceous border, and wishes, too late, that more had been spent on good permanent but portable shrubs and less on temporary plants, earth shifting and lawn making.

Most gardeners know that azaleas (Fig. 2) and camellias can safely be moved if the root ball is secured intact, but not all realise that roses of almost any age can also be moved with confidence. In doing this the best plan is to cut the plant right down so as to get at the base easily, and then mine out the briar roots as intact as possible. In replanting, the important point is to reset the patient in good fibrous turf loam, and not a limey clay as is sometimes advocated, to make certain that the union of stock and scion is exactly two inches below natural soil level, and to ram the earth very tightly round the roots. Plants on briar stocks treated in this way last March made splendid growth and flowered quite as well as unmoved plants.

With flowering cherries the same care in getting perfect roots is necessary, but these can be moved bare. Firm staking is essential to prevent wind-rocking. With a dozen large cherries ranging up to ten feet in height I had no casualties in spite of a dry summer following. All spring-transplanted shrubs and trees need either watering or mulching heavily to retain the natural moisture during the ensuing summer.

Rhododendrons, as everyone knows, can be moved successfully at any size. It is merely a question of mechanics, of estimating how large a ball of soil can be moved intact with the apparatus and men available. But another factor has to be taken into account, namely the effect of the shape and size of the head. It is



1.—“*CORNUS KOUSA* CAN BE MOVED WITH EVERY CHANCE OF SUCCESS PROVIDED IT IS REPLANTED IMMEDIATELY”

not wise to move a large top-heavy rhododendron into a more exposed position, as so many leaves will be broken off and the plant therefore made unthrifty. The best method, provided that it is one of the hardy hybrids, is to put it into the nursery and cut it down to within two or three feet of the ground the following March. Then, when a bushy plant has been regrown, it may safely be put out in its permanent position.

Hydrangeas are best moved with a goodly ball of soil, like rhododendrons, but it is unwise to cut them down as they may at once send out a mass of soft shoots that would be destroyed by a late frost. It is the sanguine nature of the hydrangea which causes it to make untimely young growth at the smallest encouragement by the weather, rather than any tenderness of constitution that renders it so frequent a victim of cold.

Besides the above-mentioned flowering shrubs there are many others that move well, even when quite large. Brooms, cistuses, helianthemums, tree peonies, hibiscuses, and magnolias often fail to re-establish themselves, although with personal care and gentleness and rapid transference to the new position, together with some good luck, they will sometimes survive quite unchecked. On the other hand,

philadelphuses, *Cornus kousa* (Fig. 1), *Viburnum tomentosum*, eucryphias, pernettias and heaths can all be moved with every chance of success provided they are replanted immediately. I have moved a number of eucryphias up to eight feet high and with bare roots without loss, but this was done in wet weather and they were very quickly put back in the ground.

Though the best times of year, which are either late autumn or early spring, and damp weather above all on the actual day, should be selected for moving large and valuable specimens, the deft and gentle planter can often disregard these counsels. I remember in July last year discussing with a master of the art the position of a group of that lovely little rhododendron, Redcap, which was blooming all alone. Some way off, round the corner, a fine specimen of what we used to call *Plagianthus Lyallii* was filling a little dell with its honey-scented white blossom and the idea of arranging an association presented itself. Sure enough, when I came along a week later, *Hoheria glabrata* (to give the latter plant its present name) was surrounded by the little scarlet bells of the Redcaps in a most enchanting combination. None of them even drooped a leaf.

Assuming that one's large garden yields sufficient fine movable shrubs to furnish the little one, it is quite probable that the charms of the new will easily outstrip those of the old garden. Such a small garden will be the owner's very own in a way that no large place, made and tended by men paid to do it, can ever be, and, if it is as large as one can look after, what more can one want?

The circumstances are ideal for the arrangement of a perfect miniature garden landscape. First the essential evergreens—Japanese azaleas, rhododendrons, camellias, or whatever may be available are planned to form the main foundation of the composition. When this is adjudged satisfactory, the deciduous shrubs that will light up the summer and autumn with their bright colours, shown up by the evergreen background, are planted along the verges. When one must do the work oneself, there is no room for passengers; only the most beautiful and effective are worth while. It is surprising how well the roses, philadelphuses and hydrangeas succeed the azaleas and rhododendrons and keep the little garden bright with colour through the summer until the first frosts appear. The old idea of segregating roses and rhododendrons in separate beds dies hard, but the gain each species secures by association with the other is surprising. There is no cultural difficulty because, as is now known, both plants revel in a soil that is on the acid side and rich in humus. Every plant hunter has described how these two genera often grow together in the wild, yet until recently it was thought wrong to associate them closely in our gardens. With the new small garden one will have no such scruples, and its charms will be such that one is unlikely ever to sigh for the large acreages of the past kept up by expensive labour.



2.—“AZALEAS CAN SAFELY BE MOVED IF THE ROOT BALL IS SECURED INTACT”



# BIANCONI AND HIS IRISH CARS

By CONSTANTIA MAXWELL

THOSE of us who lived in Ireland before the motorage can remember the Long Cars. They were glorified jaunting-cars which carried the mails between small places unconnected by railways, and they took up passengers en route. The Long Car was the descendant of Bianconi's Bians which ran through most of the south of Ireland, and part of the north and west, during the first half of the 19th century.

Charles Bianconi was born in Tregolo, near Como, in 1786, where his father was land-agent to the great Bonancina family. He tells us in his autobiography that he was "a very wild boy," and it was doubtless on this account, though also to escape conscription, that he was bound apprentice to one Faroni, a print-seller, who took him over with him to Dublin in 1802. The boy knew no English, but he managed to sell the cheap religious pictures brought from Italy by his master in the Dublin streets by shouting "Buy, buy." Soon he had mastered the language enough to be sent farther afield, going as far south as Wexford and Waterford. At the end of 18 months Bianconi's apprenticeship was over. His master presented him with money and he decided to stay in Ireland. Setting out with a heavy box of prints on his back, he would walk 20 or 30 miles a day. He was welcome wherever he went, for he was very attractive with his curly hair, dark eyes and bright friendly manners, and when he had saved a little money he turned carver and gilder and ventured to open a little shop in Carrick-on-Suir. Presently he moved to the larger Waterford, and from there to Clonmel, county town of Tipperary, where he took another shop and engaged in various enterprises, such as collecting hoarded-up guineas from the peasantry and selling them during the bullion shortage to bankers in Dublin.

In the year 1815, when Bianconi ran his first car from Clonmel to Cahir, there were, of



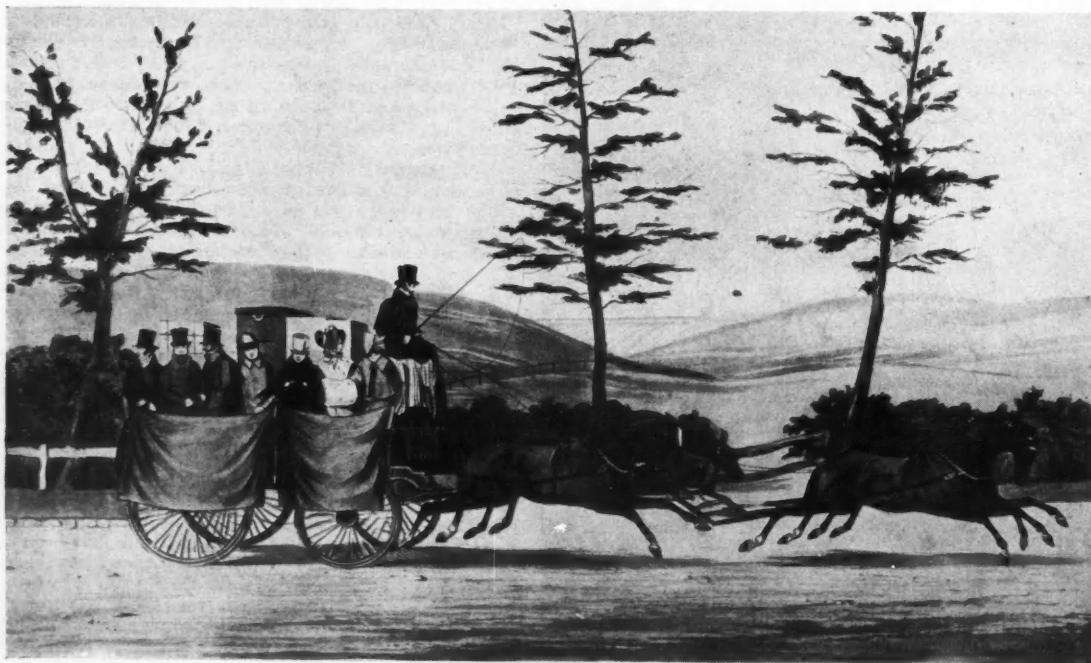
1.—GETTING READY. HEARN'S HOTEL, CLONMEL. One of the prints of Bianconi's Irish cars published by Ackermann's in 1856

course, no railways in Ireland. Passengers might travel by the canal boats; mail coaches and stage coaches ran on the main roads, and one could hire post-chaises in some towns, though these broken-down carriages ("rattle-traps" as they were called) were not very comfortable to judge from Gillray's celebrated cartoon or the description of them given by Maria Edgeworth. In any case, these vehicles and the coaches were within the means of only rich persons; there were no public conveyances for the humbler class of farmers and tradesmen, who lost much time in going to market and so were unable to buy or sell wares to advantage.

Bianconi always said that his cars "grew out of his shoulders." He remembered the many weary miles that he had had to trudge as a boy with his heavy print-box on his back, and he decided to develop a car system which would fulfil a great popular need and be at the same time a money-making proposition. His first car ran from Clonmel to Cahir, and he soon had conveyances running to other places. They

went as far east as Wexford, as far west as Belmullet, as far south as Cahirciveen, as far north as Letterkenny and extended to Ballinasloe in central Ireland. At the height of his career (he was then one of the largest proprietors of horses and vehicles in Europe) he owned some 100 cars, 140 stations for changing horses, 100 drivers, and 1,400 horses, which covered at least 3,000 miles daily. The routes (mainly on cross roads untouched by the coaches) passed through 23 counties and served some 120 of the principal towns of the south-west and midlands. Bianconi got some of the contracts for carrying the mails (as related by his friend Anthony Trollope, at that time Inspector of Postal Deliveries in S.W. Ireland), and in 1864, when his passenger traffic realised £27,731, he was receiving £12,000 for these.

The cars started as ordinary jaunting-cars, a type of vehicle admirably suited to a hilly country like Ireland, since passengers could so easily get up and down. They had one horse, two wheels, and six passengers, and they developed as traffic increased into four-horse vehicles carrying 17 passengers, including the driver. Not that all the cars were of the same size; the largest and heaviest were the Finn McCouls, so called after Ossian's giant; then came the Massey Dawsons, named after a popular Tory squire; the fastest cars of a lighter build were the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, which signified "clear the way." In 1863 Bianconi had 130 agents who looked after the horses and supervised the services, but he checked all the way-bills himself. These showed the drivers' and horses' names, the passengers' names and fares, the goods carried, and the towns passed through, with hours of arrival and departure. As a check on the way-bills, and in order to ensure civility and punctuality on the part of the drivers, spies were also employed. These naturally travelled *incognito*, but on one occasion a "gentleman" proved his identity by his carpet bag bursting open and revealing nothing but bran!



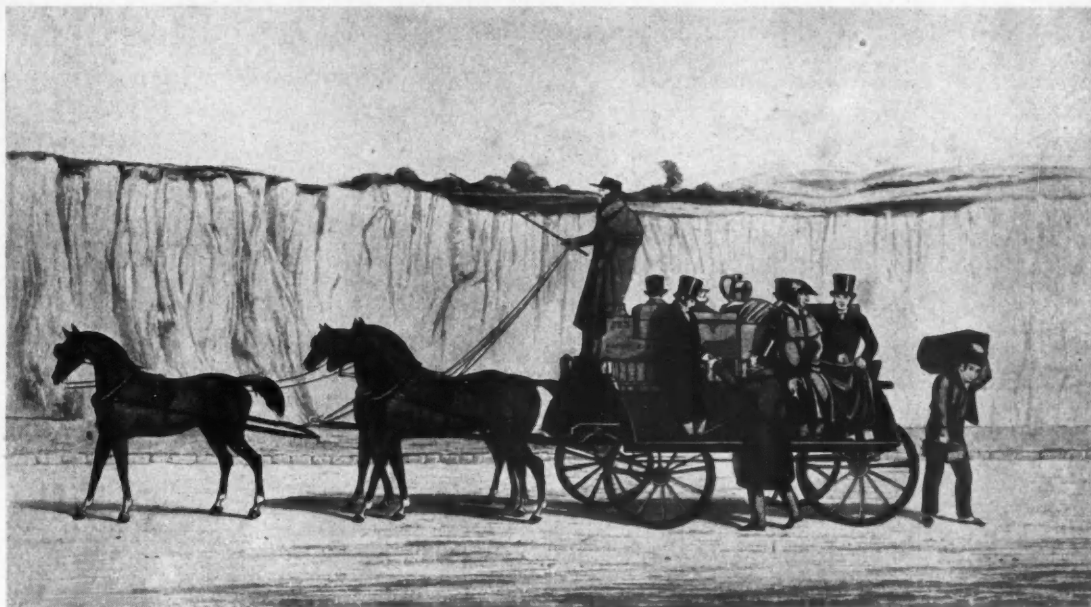
2.—ON THE ROAD AT FULL PACE

Bianconi knew all his horses by name and all their faults and peculiarities, not to speak of their drivers, whom he used well, looking after them when they were ill and giving them pensions. Some of these men, as we might expect, were great characters. There was Tim Haly, for instance, known on the road as Lord Gort, who kept his passengers amused, and was a great favourite with the ladies, and Jim Halloran, "a sturdy, witty, insolent fellow and a great politician, rather given to the bottle, who would often arrive driving his long car into Hearn's Hotel yard in Clonmel with a pocket handkerchief tied round his head, his hat having been left behind on the way." Guards also were attached to some of the cars; one of these was the famous M'Cluskie, who figures in Trollope's novel *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*. M'Cluskie once shot a man in a drinking-house, and he was famous for his wit. Mrs. O'Connell (Bianconi's daughter, who wrote his life) gives us a sample of this. "A lady tells me (she wrote) that her sisters used frequently to travel under his charge; and one of them remarked that he was not playing on his key bugle, as usual, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, and he at once replied, 'Why should I play it when all the pretty ones are with me?'"

The railway era began in Ireland about 1846, but Bianconi was not daunted. He had to discontinue running cars over thousands of miles of road, but he moved his vehicles to the right and left of the main lines, and to places which had not hitherto had the advantage of his conveyances. In the winter of 1861 he still owned 900 horses, which covered over 2,000 miles of country.

In 1865 Bianconi broke his thigh in a carriage accident, and was never quite the same man afterwards, though he managed to get about marvellously, serving on grand juries, going up to Dublin to attend functions and meetings of the Dublin Society, being often seen at Limerick Junction wheeled on the top of his luggage. He sold his cars to his agents in 1867, and thereafter concentrated most of his energies on Longfield, an estate he had bought near Cashel. He invested all the savings of his life in land, and at the end of his life (he died in 1875) owned some 5,000 Irish acres. He re-visited his native Italy in 1851, but felt like a fish out of water, for he was one of those foreigners who had become "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

Occasionally his business brought him to London. An incident which occurred during one of these visits is described by his daughter as follows. "One day in Fleet Street just after he had engaged a four-wheeled cab, my father saw a stout gentleman walking very quickly towards him who was evidently in distress at not being able to find a conveyance. The spirit of Charles Bianconi carman woke up within him too strongly to be suddenly quelled. 'I have a cab, sir,' he said. 'If you will give me your fare I will set you down where you like.' The stout gentleman was profuse with thanks, and said he wanted to go to the Exchange. When they were in the cab he begged to be allowed to know to whom he was indebted. 'My name is Bianconi,' said my father. 'The great Bianconi?' replied the gentleman. 'And what is your name, sir?' replied my



3.—DROPPING A PASSENGER

father, without half the politeness of his companion. 'My name, sir, is Rothschild.' My father, in telling me the story, admitted that he was so much overawed by the presence and by the affability of so famous a man that he had not the presence of mind to return his compliment and say, 'The great Rothschild?'"

Bianconi took an active part in the civic affairs of Clonmel, and became a J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant of County Tipperary. He was a great admirer of Daniel O'Connell; it was he who paid for the monument over the Liberator's heart which is preserved in the church of the Irish College in Rome. He was a strong supporter of the Repeal movement, though in later life he subsided into a mild Whig and declared that he did not wish to break the connection with the Empire. Like most business men, he was for law and order, and he advised his tenants, whose sufferings he relieved during the Famine, giving them employment and feeding them with macaroni and polenta, against riots and secret societies. He must have been popular, for, though his cars often travelled by night and through the most desolate country, they were never once molested by Whiteboys or other ruffians.

Many English tourists travelled on Bianconi's cars during the first half of the 19th century. There was a pleasing feeling of adventure in setting forth in these gaily painted vehicles to

the sound of horns and the shouts of the populace. As they were made of the best materials in Bianconi's own factories they were safer than many carriages. People found them more comfortable than sitting on the outside of coaches, and they afforded a grand opportunity of seeing the country. They had some disadvantages: they were apt to become terribly overcrowded (Thackeray complains of this in *The Irish Sketch Book*, describing how he was travelling from Killarney to Tralee in the summer of 1842) and the crowds of beggars shouting for halfpence who ran alongside, or surrounded the cars on arrival and departure, were often a great nuisance to passengers.

Bianconi spent a good deal of money on plate, pictures, busts and tapestries, but he read little and disliked theoretical discussion. As a self-made man he believed in the gospel of work, and in taking the long view. "Always keep in front of the wheels," was a favourite saying. The photograph which forms the frontispiece to his daughter's book shows a handsome old man with a fine large head; the eyes are shrewd though perhaps not kindly; one would say at a glance that he was a reader of men and had boundless energy. The Ackermann prints of his cars reproduced here were first published in 1836. When Bianconi's name was a household word in Ireland they might often be seen hanging in inn parlours, but they are not now so generally met with.



4.—THE ARRIVAL AT WATERFORD. COMMINS' HOTEL



# MONUMENTS AT LYDIARD TREGOZ, WILTS.—II

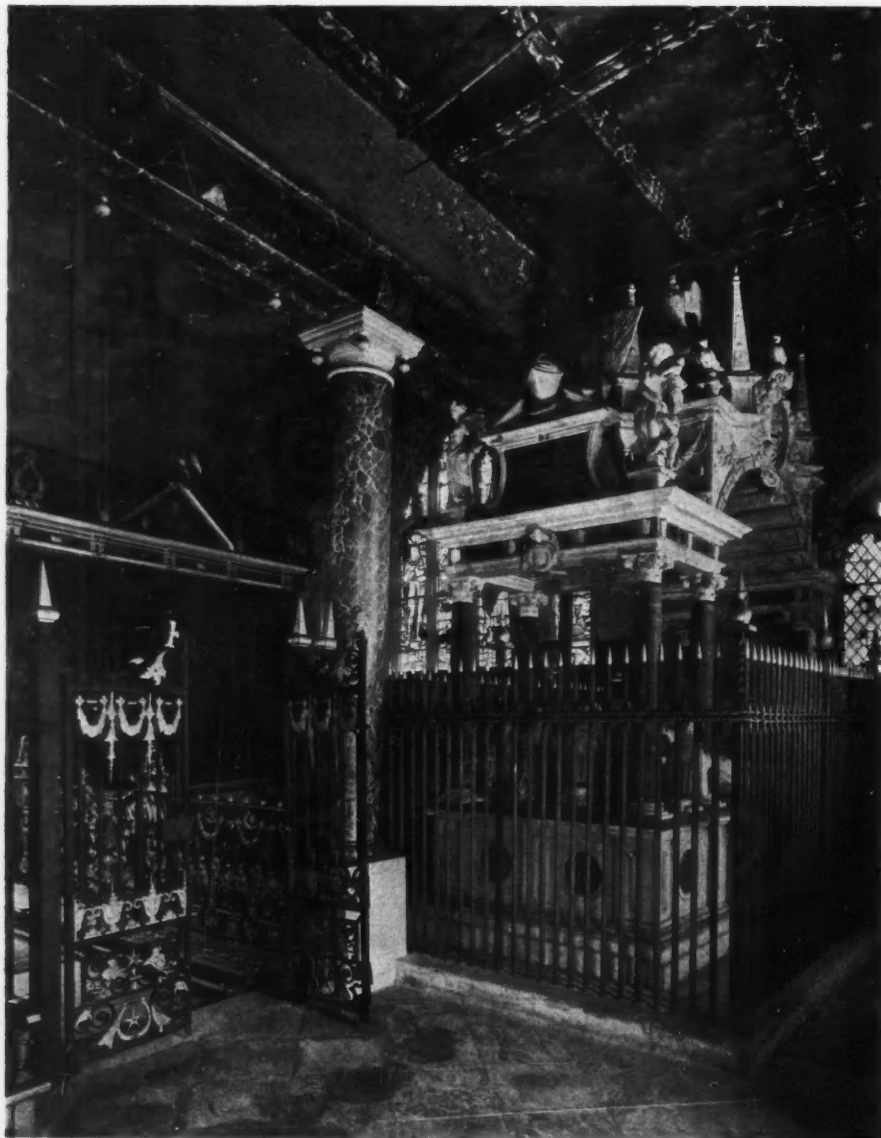
By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

*The monuments erected by Sir John St. John between 1615-48 are of unique interest and quality setting Lydiard Tregoz Church "among the most precious national treasures"*

"HERE is but little that savours of venerable antiquitie," John Aubrey noted of Lydiard Tregoz in his *Topographical Collections* made soon after 1659; "but for modern monuments and ornaments not unworthy the observation of a student in Heraldrie, it exceeds all the churches of this countie." The St. John memorials that make this remote little church unique not only in Wiltshire but in Britain were indeed barely 25 years old at the time of his seeing them. But what makes their wealth—genealogical, heraldic, pictorial, and sculptured—the more extraordinary is that almost all are due to one man. Sir John St. John, first baronet, between 1615 when he set up the great family triptych to his father, illustrated last week, and his death in 1648, when he was buried beneath the magnificent tomb that had been awaiting him for a dozen years (Fig. 2), had erected five, possibly six, major monuments and four stained-glass



1.—THE ALTAR RAILS. Superb ironwork in the style of Jean Tijou, c. 1700



2.—THE TOMB OF SIR JOHN ST. JOHN, c. 1634. It stands in the St. John chapel which he remodelled and decorated with deep red marbling and cloudy blue "sky." To the left is a glimpse of the great triptych erected by him in 1615

windows. Not all these works are in Lydiard Church, which he also considerably reconstructed to receive them. But the aggregate supplements the effect made by this group at Lydiard and underlines the analogy of "mausolean art" as so grandly exemplified here with the fascination that mortality exerted on some contemporary poets, particularly Donne.

Sir John St. John's commemorative works, however, have nothing of the poets' morbidness, which is found in some other contemporary monuments. His impulses were primarily genealogical and æsthetic: he believed with the Laudian party in restoring beauty and colour to the churches despoiled by puritanism; and he was passionately interested in family history, notably his own. Connected as the St. Johns were with the Tudors, he no doubt accepted without question the divine right of his own Sovereign, and events were to lead him and his sons to give in some cases all they possessed for the Stuart cause. The St. Johns' old motto, *Rather Death than False of Fayth*, truly expressed his convictions; as indeed the later one, adopted when his grandson acquired the St. John Viscountcy from the Whigs, expressed his descendant's cynicism: *Nec quaerere nec spernere honorem*.

If Sir John's antiquarianism was coloured richly with family pride, he found an ally in his cousin Sir Richard St. George, Clarenceux King at Arms in succession to the great William Camden and friend of all the antiquaries of the time. It is specifically stated that St. George worked out the genealogies emblazoned on the St. John triptych erected in 1615, and it is perhaps significant that after his death in 1635 Sir John erected only one more monument and that of a wholly personal and unheraldic kind: the superb gilt bronze figure of a cavalier, commemorating his much-loved son Edward, killed in 1645. But previously, besides these at Lydiard, he had set up a memorial to his great-great-grandmother, an Iwardby, at Purley (of which only the dedication tablet remains); the monument to his uncle Lord Grandison and the St. John window in Battersea Church; and two windows, apparently duplicates of the "Oliver St. John"



window here, at Purley and at Hatfield Peverel—formerly a St. John manor.

The series of memorials at Lydiard begins with that erected in 1592 by John, the baronet's father, to his father and mother—Nicolas and Elizabeth (Fig. 7): their painted effigies kneel side by side under a massive canopy resting on arches and Corinthian columns, supporting their elaborately mantled shield carved in full relief and painted. This stands now in the south aisle of the church (Fig. 9), but Aubrey noted it as in the St. John Chapel (seen beyond). Possibly it was removed here to make room for the second Viscount's urn-like sarcophagus erected 1748 in the south-east corner.

The next sculptured monument in point of date also illustrates how, in the hands of a master, the elements of the Nicolas St. John composition could be developed. It is the delightful "conversation piece" of Sir Giles and Lady Mompesson (Fig. 8), she, who died in 1633, being the eldest of the St. John daughters, portrayed in the triptych. It was probably set up in that year to commemorate her, Mompesson being still alive (the date of his death is uncertain but was after 1650), most likely by her brother Sir John, and almost certainly is by the same master of whom, in the following year, he commissioned his own tomb. The capitals and mouldings are the same in both monuments and there is a similar ease and vividness in the portraits. Mompesson was probably not in a position to commission a memorial himself.

A Wiltshire man, he is regarded as the prototype of Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. Through his wife's sister, Lady Villiers, he became familiar with Buckingham to whom he put up a marvellously modern method of making money: a commission for granting licences to inns and alehouses with such conditions attached that the State (and the members of the commission) could obtain a fat revenue through the fees and the fines arising from non-observance of the regulations. Mom-



3.—EFFIGIES OF SIR JOHN ST. JOHN AND HIS TWO WIVES, "PERHAPS THE FINEST EFFIGIES IN ENGLAND"

pesson administered the ramp, also another one affecting the manufacture of gold and silver lace. Innumerable new licences were issued, at extortionate rates, and a majority of licensees heavily fined for technical offences; until public indignation brought his (and indirectly Buckingham's) abuses to light. In 1620 he was sentenced to be outlawed, degraded, and imprisoned for life, but contrived to escape to France and, before very long, somehow to induce the authorities to connive at his return to England. It is a long and fascinating story, and evidently his brother-in-law regarded the scandal as much exaggerated; but surely few rogues are com-

memorated by such an enchanting statue. Sir John set it over the new door, made in 1633, into the chapel which he had just remodelled to receive his own projected sepulchre.

In 1634, being, as the inscription tells us, "49 and mindful of mortality" (his rich uncle Grandison had also died not long previously), Sir John set about the culmination of his monumentifications. As with Mompesson, it mattered not that he and most of the children to be commemorated, as well as his second wife, were still alive, or that she, Margaret Whitmore, had been sculptured already lying beside her first husband Sir Richard Grobham at Wishford Magna!



4.—ANNE LEIGHTON, SIR JOHN'S FIRST WIFE



5.—THREE DAUGHTERS, AT THE FEET OF THE EFFIGIES



6.—GILT BRONZE STATUE, WITH PAINTED CANOPY, TO EDWARD ST. JOHN, 1645. North wall of nave

The three figures lie beneath an arched superstructure decked with exquisite symbolic groups at the corners, obelisks, coats of arms, and falcons perching on every available coign. On Sir John's left lies Anne Leighton who died at the birth of her thirteenth child whom she is clasping in her arms—though this child lived to manhood (Fig. 4). On his right is the twice effigied Margaret Whitmore. At their head kneel the five boys and at foot the three girls (Fig. 5) who survived infancy. Two boys reclining on their elbows, and two little girls resting a hand on a skull, commemorate those who did not, and adorn the sides of the base. The photographs show far better than any description the exceptional sensitiveness of the carving; look at Sir John's hands, Anne Leighton, above all the three little girls. Each effigy gives the impression of being a portrait, and Mrs. Esdaile's claim that they are perhaps the finest in England can be readily conceded.

Even that great authority, however, cannot identify the sculptor, beyond recognising his work in "the finest group of monuments in the country by one hand": the Sir John and Lady Kyrle at Much Marcle (1633), the Sir Samuel and Sir Edwin Sandys (1626, 1629) at Wickhamford, the Savage tomb at Elmley Castle (1631), and others at Wroxton, Ross-on-Wye, Inkberrow, Miserden, and Ditchley; to which I would venture to add (on the evidence of the photograph in *English Church Monuments*) the Lord and Lady Scrope (c. 1635) at Langar, Notts. A few pointers to the artist's identity may be: the St. Johns were related by marriage to the Lees of Ditchley; all the monuments mentioned, with the exception of the Scrope, are in the Oxford-Gloucester region. But, as has been explained, St. John was connected with the world of heralds and antiquaries on the one hand, and with the Duke of Buckingham on the other, through either of which contacts he could obtain the best London artists. Buckingham employed Nicolas Stone; none of these works is included in Stone's notebook; but several, while excellent, have much in common technically with his best work. The inference may be that the two sculptors were at some time associated.

If Sir John expected soon to be laid beneath his effigy, he was deceived and was fated to outlive three of the boys represented kneeling at his head. He was only fifty-three when the Civil War broke out, into which the whole family (including the regrettable Mompesson and, on the other side, sister Lucy's husband Hutchinson) threw themselves passionately. Of the St. John boys, John the eldest was killed in the north country, leaving a baby son; William at Cirencester in 1643; and the favourite fourth son, Edward, in a skirmish in 1645. Deeply moved, and despite the large sums he had contributed to the King's cause, Sir John could not but signalise his grief for this last loss by raising a fifth and final effigy. He was too much of an artist, in his memorialising, to repeat himself; the triptych, the Mompesson, and his own tomb are as different as they can be, and his golden boy, set up west of the triptych on the north wall of the nave, was to be wholly unlike any of them. Indeed it is one of the most original and exciting monuments in Britain (Fig. 6). The gilded bronze statue of the young cavalier, resting on his shield, stands at the threshold of Heaven against the black background of a tragic world. Golden haired, scarlet robed angels sweep back the cerulean curtains (fringed with gold) of eternal life, and above the golden scrolled and valanced canopy the St. John falcon sustains the rôle of the Holy Dove. Edward's martial emblems flank the black marble pedestal; and the base represents in relief that cavalry charge in which he died. This glittering monument catches one's breath, stealing the limelight from all the sombrely glowing opulence of colour and form heaped at its feet. Whose handiwork can it be? Again we do not know, and, with the war still going on, the London studios were probably closed, at least to an impoverished Royalist. Sir John went elsewhere, perhaps not very far, to find a sculptor; for it has been pointed out to me by Mr. Rupert Gunnis that a close comparison exists in the similar statue, similarly set up, to Col. Francis Glanvil, 1645, at Broad Hinton in the same county.

When in 1648, Sir John St. John himself died, at Battersea, we are not surprised to learn that his funeral was of surpassing pomp. Indeed his surviving son Walter was prosecuted by the Heralds for overdoing it, the indictment stating that "the escutcheons were more numerous than those used at the interment of a Duke, and the pennons out of all proportion." These had been hung round Sir John's hearse as he lay in state and were no doubt those noticed by Aubrey adorning the chancel and chapel at Lydiard twenty years



later. Possibly a number of small hatchments still in the church are survivors.

Walter, the surviving son, was sympathetic to the new régime, and at the end of the Protectorate succeeded his nephew (his elder brother's young son) as third baronet. He lived till 1708, almost entirely at Battersea, and it was he and his wife (a St. John cousin) who brought up their grandson Henry, the future Lord Bolingbroke, in a serious and puritanical atmosphere. Yet it was apparently during his lifetime that the last great embellishment of Lydiard Church was made; the superbly sumptuous wrought-iron and gilt altar rails (Fig. 1). Their extravagantly elaborate design, not at all typical of Sir Walter's tastes, introduces the St. John falcon, badges, and cypher; and there is no reason to suppose that they are not of English workmanship. From the profusion and richness of the repoussé foliage, which almost conceals the wrought pattern, one would have little hesitation in ascribing the work to Jean Tijou himself, but for the festoons of fruit, cast in the solid, which



7.—NICOLAS AND ELIZABETH ST. JOHN, 1592

are a prominent feature and do not occur elsewhere in Tijou's work.

That great craftsman, who revolutionised the design of wrought iron in this country, arrived in England about 1689. This work cannot therefore be earlier than that year, but it might well be contemporary with the elaboration of the heraldic decoration on the triptych dated 1694. Yet it is difficult to visualise old Sir Walter commissioning it, and little less so his profligate son. There is the alternative, mentioned in the previous article, that the work is as late as 1718, when Frances Lady Bolingbroke died and possibly left directions for the triptych pedigree to be redevise, as was then done, to include her husband's portrait. But the absence of any coronet among the armorial bearings in the ironwork tends to incline the balance towards an earlier rather than a later date. The problem, together with many others connected with Lydiard Tregoz, might have been elucidated had not all the St. John family documents been burnt in one of the two fires that damaged the house. Such points, however, are of small import beside the gorgeous wealth of beauty and artistry amassed in this unique little church. Hitherto known to few, Lydiard Tregoz deserves to rank among the most precious national treasures.



8.—SIR GILES AND LADY MOMPESSEON, 1633. He was the prototype of "Sir Giles Overreach"; she the eldest sister of Sir John St. John, who erected this monument by the same sculptor as his own tomb



9.—THE ST. JOHN FAMILY PEW, WITH THEIR CHAPEL BEYOND



# WAINHOUSE OF HALIFAX—AN EARLY INDUSTRIAL IDEALIST

By ARNOLD JOWETT

**S**ALTAIRE, a Victorian industrialist's experiment in what we now call amenity town planning, is well known. Less so is a contemporary attempt to combine architecture, amenity, and housing of workers at Halifax by John Edward Wainhouse. This Halifax industrialist had a passion for architecture. He was born in 1817, and at one time owned the Washer Lane Dyeworks, where cloth dyeing and finishing was carried on. He died on July 26, 1883, at his residence, Darcey Hey, near Upper Washer Lane, not very far from the dyeworks. Mr. Wainhouse began building the famous Octagon Tower (Fig. 5) in 1871, and it took three years to complete. The stone was procured from near-by quarries, and the work was not done by contract; it is estimated to have cost £15,000. The tower is a magnificent structure about 290 ft. high, and consists of a brick chimney encased in an outer shell of stone and surmounted by a graceful cornice. It is ascended by means of a spiral staircase of 400 steps, and there is a very extensive view from the two platforms. Nearly the



1.—WAINHOUSE TERRACE, HALIFAX, WITH ITS HANDSOME STONE GALLERY SUPPORTED ON MASSIVE PILLARS

whole of the Calder valley may be seen, and also most of the Borough of Halifax. Mr. Wainhouse was a pioneer of smoke abatement, and the Octagon Tower was originally intended to be used as a chimney for the dyeworks lower down the hill. As he retired before it was completed, it was never so used, but it is now a well-known landmark.

Mr. Wainhouse appears to have taken an active part in local affairs, as he was a noted pamphleteer, and took the means to assail his enemy and defend himself by his pen. He was a member of the Skircoat Freeholders Committee, in connection with Skircoat Moor, which had never been enclosed, and wrote many letters explaining the rights of the landowners and others to grazing rights on the commons. The Freeholders even went to law with the Halifax Corporation before the latter would submit that Skircoat Moor should remain unenclosed for the benefit of the public for ever. Lord Savile accepted the nominal sum of £100 for his rights, and as a memorial to his great generosity Skircoat Moor was named Savile Park.

Near to Washer Lane Dyeworks was Pye Nest, the park and residence of the late Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., and he and Wainhouse became at loggerheads with each other over various matters. Sir Henry was also annoyed by the erection of the tower, which overlooked his grounds, and Mr. Wainhouse accused the baronet of having found delight in pointing out to his friends the great injury the "High Column" had inflicted upon his estate, but added that when one of Sir Henry's friends saw it for the first time from the front door of Pye Nest, he exclaimed: "Good heavens, Edwards, what a splendid thing you have put up there." However, it is pleasing to know that before these two gentlemen died they became friends again.

In 1876 Mr. Wainhouse built four blocks of back-to-back houses at the



2.—THE EASTERN END OF THE GALLERY AND PART OF ONE OF THE TWO STONE BRIDGES. (Below) 3.—THE GALLERY FROM THE WESTERN END



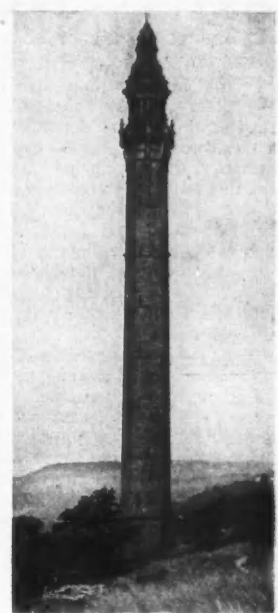
commencement of the Burnley Road at King Cross, near Halifax. To the passer-by there is nothing to distinguish them from hundreds of similar houses. But upon visiting the other side, named Wainhouse Terrace, one is immediately impressed by the massive architecture. They are built of stone and of the type known locally as "gallery" houses; and, in the words of Mr. T. W. Hanson, the antiquary, the gallery is of such architectural character that it would grace any university building. The Wainhouse Terrace houses are built on a steep hillside, and there is a huge retaining wall supported by five large arches, lower down the hill. The initials "I.E.W." and the date "1876" are carved on two large stones, each built above the two central arches of the wall.

The illustration of Wainhouse Terrace (Fig. 1) depicts the handsome stone gallery with its ornate carving, supported on massive pillars. There are two beautiful bridges: the one shown gives access to the outside conveniences housed in the fine tower on the left; the other is connected with steps leading to the roadway below, on the left of which are the stone clothes posts. A portion of this second bridge and the eastern end of the balcony with its dignified supporting pillars, shown in the second photograph, are reminiscent of the cloisters of an abbey. The impressive western end of the gallery, along with part of the tower, is illustrated in Fig. 3.

Lower down the hill at Upper Washer Lane,



4.—WEST AIR, HALIFAX, IN WHICH ALL THE WINDOWS ARE OF DIFFERENT DESIGNS. (Right) 5.—THE OCTAGON TOWER



not far from Darcey Hey, Mr. Wainhouse built a number of houses, many of which had magnificent stone porches and gateways with surrounding walls of carved stone. Even the chimneys were built of ashlar stone.

Two larger houses, known as West Air, are seen in Fig. 4. The name West Air is carved on a shield above the window in the gable on the left, and the date 1877 over the window below. Although all the six windows are of different design, together they form a remarkable harmony. There appears to be some uncertainty

as to who Mr. Wainhouse's architect was. One account says that Mr. Isaac Booth was the architect for the Octagon Tower, and another states that the architect in the first place was Mr. Child, but that afterwards the services of Mr. Dugdale, who subsequently became the Huddersfield Borough Engineer, were engaged. Since the architect for the other buildings is also unknown, it is quite possible that some of the architects named may have been individually responsible for the many houses which were erected from 1876 to 1878.

## THE CARNIVAL OF DEAL ~ A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

ANOTHER of the feasts of golf has come round again and at this week-end the narrow streets of Deal will be hung with flags to welcome the Old Boys of the Halford Hewitt Cup. In one of his war-time speeches Mr. Churchill spoke of "crowd and urgency" as being necessary to a great occasion, and in that case this must be a very great occasion indeed, for there are to be 460 players representing 46 schools. It is really wonderful that in these hard days so many people have the time and the money to come. The fact that they make the effort is the best possible evidence of how this competition has wound itself round the heartstrings of those who have tasted its exciting and friendly joys. I myself shall, if all is well, deplorably break my training to be there, for I ought to be bathing my limbs in healing waters, and shall return to briny delights as soon as the final is over. It is one of the events that, doctors or no doctors, cannot be missed.

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I will not go through the draw sheet which, incidentally, I have mislaid as I mislay everything; but there is one match in it which, in the modern idiom, sticks out a mile. Harrow and Charterhouse meet at the first brush. As these two sides were respectively the winners and the runners-up last year, it seems superficially cruel on Fortune's part to bring them together so soon; but in fact, as I believe both sides themselves would agree, it is a good thing. For some time past they have to a great extent monopolised the honours of the tournament and *interest reipublicæ* that one of them should depart early and give others a chance. Especially is it a good thing because so many teams come gallantly year after year who have really, with all respect to them, no chance of going very far, and anything that can reward them for their loyalty is welcome.

In last year's final Harrow had won three matches and Charterhouse one, when the fourth couple stood all square on the 16th green. Knowing that their struggle could not affect the result they called it a day and rushed tumultuously to the club-house to congratulate, to condole and to celebrate. As far as I know at

present both sides will have nearly all their last year's players available, and in addition Harrow have got strong reinforcements in the two Blairs. Blair Major, to speak scholastically, is the Army Champion and a very fine golfer indeed, and rumour says that his Minor is but little worse. With such richness Harrow may be able to vary their team and tenderly nurse their two veterans, Cyril Gray, who has won fifty matches in this tournament, and George Henriques.

The most illustrious of veterans must go at last and the famous fifth pair on the Carthusian side, Morrison and Longhurst, will no longer be there, since John Morrison has retired. For Heaven knows how long they have brought up the rear and produced the vital deciding point when it was needed, just as Hughes and Peplow (whom we called Dumkins and Poddler) used once to do for Eton. All things come to an end, but it will be strange to see Longhurst with a new partner. Apart from this inevitable break with tradition I think most of the old warriors will be there and Derek Drayson will not weaken the side. Once more it ought to be a good, bloodthirsty battle. If I had to bet I would back Harrow, but I would not bet much.

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Of the other sides I have at the time of writing no very precise knowledge. The Watsonians are always dangerous and this year comes a new Scottish side from Edinburgh Academy. Scotland is always full of eminently useful young golfers and these newcomers, if they can muster their full strength, are sure to be pretty good. So are the Wykehamists, who are always going to do it and have never quite brought it off; so are the Rugbeians. Eton, who last year held Charterhouse in the hollow of their hands and lamentably let them slip, have had a solemn trial match. Wisely taking long views they have, I believe, discarded anything in the way of age, save for the moderately venerable Brigadier who commands them, and I have high and patriotic hopes of them, if not this year then in some year soon.

I have named but a few out of the 46 teams and have almost certainly left out some Davids

whom I shall see taking one of the Goliaths to the nineteenth hole amid breathless excitement. Desperate finishes are of the very essence of the tournament, and fifth couples with handicaps of six and seven have a habit of chasing comparative tigers till they drop. I have just lighted, "on a wild moraine of forgotten books," on the article I wrote after last year's meeting and with its aid can recall some of the terrific things I saw. On the very first day two old enemies, Marlborough and Repton, who have a knack of finishing on the 19th, went one better, to the 20th, where the last Repton couple, who had been four down at the turn, staggered to victory. On the next day there came, in the match between St. Bees and Taunton, the agreeable sight of two couples following one another to the 19th hole, so that the ghoulis spectator must be in two places at once. Just as the St. Bees' pair had won at the 20th came the news that Taunton had won at the 19th and all was over.

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Finally—this must have a new paragraph and I need no article to remind me of it—there was David Brown's putt which won the deciding match for Shrewsbury against the Watsonians. Watson's was just over the green in two, whereas the Salopian ball had only crawled on to it in three. The Hoylake veteran, as he was doubtless described, had to play the two more. I see that I called his putt "the full length of a cricket pitch," but I doubt now if I did it justice; I incline to believe it was longer still. At any rate he holed it and the ball never looked as if it was going anywhere else. The Watsonians had a nasty little chip to play in the one off two from a nasty place; they could not get down in two and amid cheers and even laughter Shrewsbury had won.

The same sort of thing will happen this year and it will go on happening as long as the Old Somethingeians repair to Deal in their hundreds and may this be for ever! Nobody knows what frantic school patriotism can be till he has seen this tournament. I shall, I have no doubt, have plenty to remember when I go back, rather the worse for wear, to my more temperate briny joys.



# THINNING OUT ROOKERIES

By J. B. DROUGHT

**E**VEN the sternest critic of rooks will admit that in their make-up virtue and vice are pretty evenly balanced, and that which gets the upper hand depends to a great extent on environment. Rooks are industrious and, especially during spring and early summer, capable assistants to the gardener in ridding him of wireworms, leather-jackets, weevils, and the like. On the other hand, they have certain features which the farmer views with a good deal of dismay: witness the bare patches in spring sowings where a colony has got to work, the thatch torn off ricks, and the great gaps in pea and bean fields.

The game preserver and the poultry breeder also bear a grudge against rooks as egg thieves of cunning and experience. I have seen rooks combine to drive game off their nests and assemble, carefully gauging the extreme range of a shotgun, and wait until opportunity offered for a raid on the chicks of a pheasant-rearing field. It is true that where their numbers are not excessive such crimes are usually the work of a few individuals of depraved tastes. But in areas where rooks hunt in such vast companies as preclude the possibility of their having sufficient natural food supplies they become a public nuisance.

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In these days, when vermin of all kinds overrun the countryside, one cannot afford to sentimentalise. Not long ago I read that "the rook is justly held in affection, because there is nothing so typically English as a rookery. Bereft of their cawing colonies, the stately homes of England would lose one of their distinctive attributes, and the countryside would lack one of its greatest charms." In the event it is largely due to the rapidity with which the "stately homes" have been coming into the market in recent years that one has come to regard the rook with a good deal less than affection. The vast number of rookeries neglected during the war years on properties expropriated by the State has also contributed to an enormous increase in the population of rooks, to whose support, since natural food supplies are inadequate, the farmer and game preserver must contribute. The rook's friendly disposition to man is, therefore, scarcely appreciated by those whose interests are bound up in the soil, as it was in days of yore, and if his morals are not as black as his plumage, he is not the innocent that many people would have one believe.

As a case in point, at the last rook census in three Midland counties the crops of several thousand birds shot over a wide area were examined. This investigation revealed that the food content of a single rook averaged 1 lb. a week, 54 per cent. of which was agricultural produce. Thus 5,000 rooks will destroy more than 60 tons of marketable food in the course of a year.

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One may tolerate rooks in reasonable numbers, for no one desires the extermination of a species (even if that were possible) which is active in its destruction of insect pests. But there are a great many areas in which the damage rooks do entitles them to as little consideration as rats or wood-pigeons. It is when the instincts of hunger and caution are pulling opposite ways that one can best appreciate the corvine nature. Frost and drought undoubtedly accentuate the difficulties of rooks in picking up an honest livelihood. Under a revolutionised system of agriculture, the ploughing of stubbles immediately after harvest and the close trimming of hedges and grubbing out of ditches further contribute to a shortage of natural food supplies. These factors alone provide a reason why the rook has changed his habits for the worse—though had rookeries been as systematically thinned out of late years as of old we should not have had cause to deplore to anything like the same extent the criminal courses to which the birds have taken.

So, quite apart from the vexed question whether rook shooting is entitled to be called a minor sport, it is a necessity in over-populated districts. And it can be effectual, in the sense of thinning rookeries out to reasonable propor-

tions, only if the young rooks are dealt with before they are able to take to wing. For once they can fly they have sense enough to fly at such a height that in all probability they will live out the term of their natural lives without ever giving the most skilful marksman a chance.

To describe rook shooting as "massacre of the innocents" is not only sentimentalism carried to excess, but definitely misleading. Properly conducted, it is a more humane way of taking bird life than any other, for a .22 rook rifle has a range greatly in excess of the tallest tree, and if one does not make a clean kill one must of necessity make an equally clean miss. Bullets do not prick or graze like small shot from a shotgun.

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The way *not* to shoot rooks is to assemble a party of light-hearted sportsmen armed with twelve-bore guns and allow them to blaze away indiscriminately. It is often done, but, apart from the entirely unnecessary cost involved in shooting off a quantity of not inexpensive ammunition, the procedure largely defeats its own object. The old birds will sail up well out of harm's way and the young ones that are able to fly at all will probably attain a height at which it is by no means difficult to miss, yet extremely easy to wound.

At the first barrage all the immature birds that can maintain themselves for a few minutes in the air will gradually flutter down to the hedgerows, where their parents, having successfully avoided danger, will join them. And the longer the bombardment continues the farther away will their elders conduct their offspring, which will simply spread over the fields until the fog of war lifts. While a few "branchers" may be accounted for, many will escape scot free, and others will in all likelihood scatter wounded into hedgerows and long grass.

To make a clean business of thinning out a rookery the selected riflemen should be stationed in clearings which give as open a field of fire as possible, and each should be given a certain overhead sector to cover. Thus, each marksman will have 20 or 30 nests, perhaps, within

range without needing to make any lower shooting than is represented by an angle of 60-70 degrees. No rook should be shot directly above a nest, even though some distance intervenes, nor should any be picked out which is perched close to the edge, lest it fall in the nest either dead or wounded. But only a little patience is necessary, for the perchers, especially when shooting is fairly fast and furious, are constantly on the hop from one branch to another, and the certainty of clean kills is all the greater if they are allowed to settle clear cut against the sky rather than against a background of heavy foliage.

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A fair number of young birds will probably be sufficiently advanced to fly reasonably well, so that arrangements should be made in advance to deal with them. To this end really experienced shots with guns should be stationed outside the rookery, and others may be posted with advantage at any point for which the birds are likely to make. They will not want for sporting shooting, for while the old rook believes in getting well up out of range and then taking things easy, the youngster is always in a hurry, and, especially in a trick wind, presents a variety of shots which are by no means difficult to miss. It may be urged that the sooner (after the young birds have begun to perch) rook shoots are organised the better, for then by far the larger percentage of victims will fall to rifles. But one cannot quite exclude the shotgun as a help, for the youngsters may differ in age by as much as three weeks, and some may be quite strong fliers, while others are unable to get on the wing. Moreover, the stronger the wind in the swaying elms the longer the odds against a high percentage of bull's-eyes with a rifle—and where reduction of stocks is the primary necessity, all methods of execution must be tried. But when all is said, shotguns in the hands of expert marksmen are just as good as rifles in those of novices. For no decent shot will take chances at outrageous distances any more than he will bombard nests with small shot and risk the pricking of a single rook.

## THE STAMINA OF OUR LEADING THREE-YEAR-OLDS

**F**OLLOWING Messrs. Tattersall's January auction and the decision of the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National Steeplechase, which in spite of the petrol ban drew record crowds to Lincoln and Aintree, things have settled down in readiness for the Newmarket First Spring Meeting and the opening of the season proper.

During this meeting Messrs. Tattersall will hold the first important bloodstock auction of 1948, and the first two classic races—the Two Thousand and the One Thousand Guineas—will be decided.

The chief feature of the sale, which will be held in the morning of April 28, will be the dispersal of the late Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's horses in training. Though the sale is unlikely to be as sensational as those that followed the deaths of Sir Alec Black, Lord Furness and Lord Glanely, good prices are certain to be forthcoming, for Sir Hugo was a keen student of breeding. Moreover, the success of Felstead in the Derby of 1928, and that of Rockfel in the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks of ten years later, proved that his ideas on the subject were sound.

This year's classic races present more than usually intriguing problems; first because owing to the hard going experienced last summer, a great many of last season's two-year-olds never ran and, secondly, because the majority of those that were



W. W. Rouch

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. LODER'S BAY COLT, THE COBBLER

considered by Mr. G. H. Freer, the Official Handicapper, to be the best of their age have lines in their ancestries that do not conform to what is expected in classic winners.

Mr. Freer considered the best of the colts to be My Babu—which raced last year as Lerins—The Cobbler, Black Tarquin, Birthday Greetings, Delirium and Black Pampas, in that order, with only 4 lb. separating the first and the last.

Bred in France by the Hon. Peter Beatty, My Babu was bought privately by the Gaekwar of Baroda, and is a March-foaled bay colt of good conformation by Djebel, which won the Two Thousand Guineas of 1940, from Perfume which was by Badruddin (by Blandford) from a daughter of Pharos. Djebel has, through Arbar, second in last year's St. Leger, proved itself capable of siring stock with stamina; but on the dam's side there is a weakness in My Babu's pedigree.

Incidentally, My Babu, like its sire, is not eligible for entry in the General Stud Book, and this also applies to the American-bred-and-owned colt, Black Tarquin. An April-foaled

brown, it claims Pay Up's full-brother, Rhodes Scholar, as its sire, and is from Vagrancy by Bois Roussel's half-brother, Sir Gallahad III, out of a Man o' War mare. Both Pay Up, which won the 2,000 Guineas of 1936, and Rhodes Scholar, which triumphed in the Eclipse Stakes of the same year, had distinct limitations of stamina; moreover they are siring stock that can seldom stay more than a mile, so that it seems probable that if Black Tarquin is to credit his owner, Mr. William Woodward, with a classic race, it will be the Two Thousand Guineas.

Though it does not seem to be the general opinion, The Cobbler reads to me to be an entirely different proposition and a colt that on breeding would be worthy to have his name enrolled on the list of winners of the "triple crown." Its sire, Windsor Slipper, which was by the Derby and St. Leger winner, Windsor Lad, won six races, including the Irish Two Thousand Guineas, the Irish Derby and the Irish St. Leger. The Cobbler is a half-brother to the Irish One Thousand Guineas winner, Sea Symphony from Overture.

A son of Panorama, Delirium was wisely omitted from the entry for the classics, and in the opinion of many sound judges it would have been just as well if the owners of Black Pampas and Birthday Greetings had adopted a similar course, as, useful horse though it is in its own sphere, Black Pampas's sire, Pampas Grass, has yet to sire a classic winner, and when considering Birthday Greetings, it is hard to believe that Blue Peter, great sire though it is, will beget a winner of one of these great races as the result of a mating with a daughter of Apple Sammy.

Pride of India is very much fancied in some quarters, but surely its supporters must have overlooked the fact that its sire was Colombo and that its dam was by Diophon, and those who are so optimistic over the chances of The Leader, another son of Colombo, should remember that it is a son of Basra, a daughter of The Boss. It is true that accidents do happen in the best-regulated families, but it is unwise to bank upon their occurrence.

ROYSTON.

## THE WHITE HYENA

By BJÖRN VON ROSEN

*Translated from the Swedish by H. V. BEAMISH*

**D**URING the Italian occupation of the Addis Ababa district, antelopes, leopards, and all the larger animals were zealously hunted by Service men on leave, armed with good modern weapons, and well trained in their use by participation in the frequent mass executions that followed the attempt on Graziani's life. This resulted in a certain absence—still noticeable—of large quadrupeds in the district round the capital. Nowadays the only large mammals one can more or less depend on seeing are the hyenas.

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The volcanic Bishoftu district, plentiful in bushy cliffs and caves, and surrounded by open plains with numerous villages, harbours a large number of hyenas. In one of my first mild convalescent walks along the lake shores (unhurried, and armed with camera and sketch-book) I put up a pair of hyenas, dog and bitch, from their day-time hide in a dense, bushy cliff-side. When not in a pack, hyenas seem to keep together in pairs; and when this brace got up with much rustling and great thuds a few yards away, it was not difficult to distinguish the male from the female by their appearance and behaviour. The reddish-brown, dark-spotted bitch, about the size of an ordinary Alsatian, but considerably thicker in the neck, set off like a fox among the bushes without looking back. But the dog—hoary, with blurred spots, about eight inches higher at the shoulder than the bitch (he seemed about the size of a donkey)—stood at a distance of twenty-five yards, gazing at me for a few seconds with outstretched neck. I had been going along quietly, and had come upon them against the wind. I am sure they thought the sound of my advance was caused by an animal, a grazing cow or donkey, or perhaps another hyena, for the Ethiopians nearly always keep to the tracks on these inaccessible mountain-sides. My camera was ready, but the tops of the thicket were too high, and I did not take a photograph. It would have made a good one; it was wild and beautiful on the cliff, and the dog's outstretched head and neck—the length of neck in this animal is the first thing that strikes you when you see it properly—was nicely outlined against the walls of the mountain beyond.

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Every evening the hyenas can be heard round the hotel. Their voices vary a great deal, and after a time you learn to recognise certain individuals, especially those with deep voices or other peculiarities of oratory. They begin their concert in special localities, and take their walks by regular routes throughout the district.

The nights are often hot, and it is pleasant to have the window open; but, if one sleeps lightly, the low howling of the older males can be particularly annoying, for the concert goes on till daylight. During the spring a pair of Bishoftu hyenas began to appear with unusual

boldness, howling at nights close beside the hotel doorstep. And the roar from a 160-lb. hyena just outside the open window can waken the deepest sleeper! Two of them became particularly persistent after they had found the grave of a dog recently buried near the hotel with several sizeable stones rolled over it. In the morning the stones were found heaved away to one side, and the dog's body had gone.

Before I came to Bishoftu, some of the Swedish air contingent had tried to thin out the hyena population in the neighbourhood. On motor trips after dark the hyenas were often glimpsed, slinking across the road, or watching the car from the fields, with eyes glowing like greenish-yellow lamps in the darkness. Up to the time I came, all attempts to get at them had failed, probably because, from the beginning, the hunters had been too keen, and shot at too long a range. Even if the range is favourable when the hyenas are first sighted, by the time the car has been stopped, the door opened, and the hunter has extricated himself, the grey shadows are already slipping away. And the hyenas who are shot at see that the range is by no means closer on the next occasion.

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Putting out a carcass as bait had also only resulted in teaching the hyenas caution. When I arrived, it was already impossible to get them up to a carcass near which people were concealed. They always came somewhere in the vicinity of the carcass, circled the ground carefully with noses to the wind, and then remained at a proper distance till all the shooters had gone. After that, it did not take many hours to turn a 400-lb. ox into a few large bones, gnawed clean.

When I was out on one of these evenings, I counted nine pairs of eyes quietly blinking in the light of the torch 100-150 yards away. Now and then came an impatient coughing sound, subdued but imposingly deep in tone, from some older gentleman among the waiting party of diners. There were certainly 25-30 hyenas in the district, for on these occasions you could also hear their voices howling, swearing, grumbling or grunting from other places farther away on the plain.

The age, shape, and colour of the hyenas varied considerably. The English officers had asked the Swedes if they had seen a white hyena in the Bishoftu district; on one occasion they thought they had glimpsed such an animal themselves. But, as all our encounters with hyenas had happened in the dark, and by the light of lamps, no exact observations could be made, and colour and size were matters for guesswork. Those who know anything about hunting can imagine that the hyenas described in our evening gatherings lost nothing in the telling!

My brother had the best chance of a shot actually at one of these two specially bold "hotel" hyenas. This happened one night about twenty-four hours after one of them had tried, with much thumping and scratching, to get into the hotel through the terrace doors. The doors led to the bedroom next my brother's room, where his two little daughters were asleep. The night was moonless, and the incident was not pleasant. As a rule the hyena is quite harmless with people, though sometimes natives sleeping in the open have had their faces touched by hyenas—probably they were taken for corpses—but were released as soon as they showed resistance.

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After the hyena had tried the bedroom doors, my brother slept with his revolver loaded and near to hand on his table by the open window. Personally I do not think the hyena had any intention of playing the rôle of the wolf in the tale of Red Riding Hood; much more likely he was on a general reconnoitre. But, as a father, my brother was not interested in subtle speculations about animal psychology. No matter what the hyena intended, he thought it a good thing to stop the performance as soon as possible.

Shortly afterwards, in the early hours, a phlegmatic hyena came lumbering along the terrace, and stopped to drink from the small fountain outside my brother's window. The night was much too dark for any identification, but it was quite certainly the same animal, for the breed generally is not as bold as this in thickly populated districts. My brother was awake at once, and took as good an aim as possible at the dark outline framed by the reflection of water, dim and stirring. He must have missed; at the shot the hyena jumped over the edge of the terrace, and could be heard making good speed down the slope and farther along the shore. No blood was found in the morning, and the nightly visits continued, though now in a more cautious manner.

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On the Saturday evening before Whit Sunday, a hunting-minded air mechanic and I went out for half-an-hour's lorry ride in the dusk, on the road to the neighbouring village of Modio. A mysterious coal-black animal had been seen several times on this road by other Swedes, gliding across swiftly in the car lights. The chance of seeing it again was not very great, but the evening was fine, and I took a gun just in case. On the whole trip we saw nothing more than a brace of Pharaoh cats, sniffing about like grey short-haired foxes, with their noses on the ground, and their light tails trailing after them, faintly shining in the car lights. The mystery of the dark animal remained unsolved.

We were yawning, and it was late when we drove up towards the hotel; about a hundred



yards up the hotel drive two large pairs of eyes were shining, too high above the road surface to belong to any of the village dogs. The mechanic fiercely pushed down the accelerator, the lorry hurtled forward with roaring engine, the gleam of the lamps caught two large four-legged shapes in uneven flight out towards the dark field, already almost in safety. The animal behind seemed to be larger and lighter coloured than the other.

The mechanic, now mad with hunting fever, turned the wheel with a hefty jerk, the heavy lorry swung on two wheels at almost a right-angle, down from the road and out over the field. And I really do not know which of

the two parties, the pair of hyenas or myself, were most astonished at finding contact renewed at close range and in good light.

The smaller hyena increased speed, and slipped away into the open again; but the dog—I knew already it was the dog—slowed down for a second and glared at the car. And in the middle of the excitement I remembered that the pair on the other side of the lake had behaved in the same way. "Stop!" I screamed at the mechanic, who seemed inclined to race on across the field after the fleeing bitch. The brakes screeched, and before the dog managed to get up speed again I half jumped, half fell, out of the door and fired. I saw the coarse hair standing

on end all down the hyena's back, like that of a savage dog. He fell at once (the heavy thud made me realise how weighty this animal really is), kicked a few times, and then lay still. When we came up we saw that he was white—pure white, a beast of quite singular appearance, with a partly pink nose, but—as far as I could see in the firelight when I skinned it the same night—not an albino; the eyes seemed brown. This was the white hyena of Bishoftu, the same that the Englishmen had seen or heard about. It was obviously also the climber of the hotel terrace, for after it was killed the hyenas kept farther away from the house on their nocturnal rounds.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### HOOPOE IN WILTSHIRE

SIR,—On the afternoon of April 4 I saw a hoopoe, a bird with which I am familiar in India, where it is common, on the lawn in the front of our house near Salisbury. Its crest was laid back, not erect, and it was pecking about with a hoopoe's familiar jerky motion, quite close to me. I am told that the hoopoe is a rare visitor to England, especially early in the year.—B. L. BAYLEY (Mrs.), *Wiltshire*.

(Hoopoes regularly pass through the southern and the eastern counties of England in small numbers in spring on their way to their breeding haunts on the Continent, and occasionally, if they are unmolested, a pair or two stay and nest.—ED.)

### DEARTH OF TOADS AND FROGS

SIR,—Ten years ago there used to be half a dozen toads about the garden; now there appears not to be one. Similarly, in a field next to the garden where a decade ago frogs were numerous one nowadays sees next to none.

Has any of your readers noticed a like decrease in the number of toads and frogs? And can anyone explain why they should be less numerous? Nothing has been done to the garden or the field to make either less attractive to them.—A. FORTESCUE (Mrs.), *Foscote, Banbury, Oxon.*

### MYSTERY OF A KNOLE PORTRAIT

SIR,—With reference to your correspondence about a portrait by Mytens of Lady Frances Cranfield at Knole showing a long strand of cotton wound round her wrist and her little finger and a plain gold ring on the thumb of her left hand, a similar peculiarity is to be observed in a portrait (also attributed to Mytens) of Susan Villiers, Countess of Denbigh, which was formerly at Newnham Paddox and which is reproduced in *The Great Duke of Buckingham*, by C. R. Cammell (opposite page 297).

In this case the thread is also on the wrist of the left hand, but it is also clearly wound round the third finger of that hand, on which the Countess of Denbigh is wearing a ring. Might it not originally have been a means of safeguarding a valuable ring by attaching the thread to the ring and winding it round the wrist? Such a



(Above and right) A MONKEY AND AN ALSATIAN THAT HAVE BECOME FIRM FRIENDS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

See letter: A Strange Friendship

practice would very readily lose its original significance and become a mere fashion.

It is not clear from the photograph of Lady Frances Cranfield's portrait accompanying Mr. Ramsey's letter of March 26 whether or not there is a ring on the little finger of her left hand which may be retained in this way by the thread wound round that finger and her wrist.—HUGH PAGET, *Black Hall, St. Giles, Oxford*.

[Mr. R. H. Sandon, writing from the Conservative Club, S.W.1, comments upon the Knole portrait of Lady Frances Cranfield as follows:—It seems unlikely that the artist would have gone to the trouble of putting in the details of the thread surrounding the lady's wrist if it has no significance.

When looked at carefully, the thread seems unnecessarily long. The real point of interest is in the short loop below the knot where it leads either to the marriage or to the little finger, a point which is not clearly discernible from the illustration. The slight outward turn of the hand was perhaps intended to add a little mystery and to hide the little finger upon which the thread might serve to retain a loose but cherished ring, particularly during the withdrawal of a glove. In these circumstances the cogency of some romantic association might be implied. Alternatively, however, the looping of the marriage finger and the gloves portrayed could be looked upon as reminiscently symbolic of a glove marriage.—ED.]



THE FISHPOND AT EAST RIDDLESDEN HALL, AIREDALE

See letter: Old Monks' Fishpond to be Restocked

### A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP

SIR,—I thought you might be interested in these accompanying photographs of my dog and monkey. I acquired the monkey when the dog was three months old. From their second day together they have fed together, slept together, and at the moment, if anyone touches the dog, the monkey will go for him, and vice versa. If at any time the monkey fails to find the dog, he immediately goes to the top of my tent and cries, and no titbits or calling will fetch him down until the dog returns.

I lived for many years in South Africa, but never saw dogs and monkeys take to each other as these two have done.—TOM ROWLES (Lieut., R.A.S.C.), 433 Coy. R.A.S.C. (H.T.), M.E.L.F.

### OLD MONKS' FISHPOND TO BE RESTOCKED

SIR,—Other of your readers than those who are fishermen may be interested to hear that, thanks to a local benefactor who is defraying the cost, the fishpond at East Riddlesden Hall, Yorkshire, illustrated in the accompanying photograph, is to be restocked with fish. This pond was probably the *stagnum de Riddlesden* from which the canons of Bolton Abbey, Wharfedale, who owned the property in the 14th century, obtained fish in 1320. East Riddlesden Hall was presented to the National Trust in 1934.—A. TURNER, *London, W.C.1.*

### DEER AS PETS

SIR,—Apropos of the article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of March 26, entitled *The Friendly Hind*, when I was young I had two tame does, one a fallow, the other a Japanese. They both came from my cousin's deer park at Glenstal, Co. Limerick, where there were red, fallow and Japanese deer, and were given to me when only a few days old.

The fallow doe was quite tame; she followed me all about the place through fields and shrubberies, went out riding, and had no fear whatever of dogs. She had a house in the yard, but lived out most of the year. In the winter I fed her with oats at night.

The Japanese doe was even tamer: she walked into the house, even upstairs, and used to like to eat carnations out of the vases. She had a great friend when she was



**A QUACK DOCTOR, ASSISTED BY A PYTHON, ADVERTISING A ROOT IN CEYLON**

*See letter: A Python as Aid to Advertisement*

half-grown, a dachshund. They were inseparable, and played on the lawn like two puppies, and I remember seeing her taking the dog by the scruff of his neck. When I went out riding they both came, and the dog used to go between her and the cottages to protect her. The doe even came to church, so I had to shut her up in a cottage near by till I came out.

After I had had these deer about three years the fallow one was found dead in a wood and the other began to wander. I retrieved her from friendly cottages several times, but one day she disappeared. There were stags miles away for stag hunting, and I always thought she was perhaps trying to get to them, but I never found her or heard of her again.—M. E. MAHER, Williamstown, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin.

### BLUE TIT'S REACTION TO HAWK

SIR,—While I was watching a blue tit in a garden in Oxfordshire recently it suddenly uttered a sharp trill unlike any note I had heard a blue tit make before. And as it did so a sparrowhawk came dashing over the garden and flew down to a hedge near by. Am I right in supposing a connection between the tit's call and the appear-

ance of the hawk?—T. J., London, W.1.

[We think there is little doubt that the blue tit's unusual trill was evoked by the appearance of the hawk. Long-tailed tits have been heard to utter a similar trill on catching sight of a sparrowhawk.—E.D.]

### A PYTHON AS AID TO ADVERTISEMENT

SIR,—The native physician, as he is called, has a great place among the less educated folk in Ceylon, but even they, whether as passers-by on the streets or bent on some occupation or other, have to be allured to gather round him to hear him advertise, with much gusto, his pills and his drugs. To ensure a good crowd on whom to impress the value of his quack medicines, he adopts various spectacular stunts, such as singing songs, beating drums, performing feats of skill, and so forth. All these often have a marvellous effect even on the people in town.

The picture I enclose, however, shows a novel way of attracting a large mass of hearers.

Winding a big python around his body and allowing it often-times almost to suffocate him, to win the interest of the crowd, the quack doctor having taken his stand in the corner of a street is advertising a medicinal root he is holding in his hand for sale.

Sometimes, in addition to ointments and pills, he sells small phials, each containing a mixture which (in his exalted opinion) is a panacea for numerous human ills. In this way, he often plies a roaring sale though it cannot be said that his medicines are always effective or successful.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

### AN OLD MARKET BUILDING

SIR,—You may care to see the enclosed photograph of the old market building and butter cross at Bingley, Airedale, which it has been suggested should be removed to a more central site in the town. For many years this building, which dates from 1753, when Bingley market day was changed from Sunday to Tuesday, stood in the main street of the town. It was removed to its present site, in Prince of Wales Park on the outskirts of the town, when road traffic increased, but it is now proposed to give it a more

prominent position near Bingley parish church.—A. GAUNT, 45, Haworth Road, Heaton, Bradford, Yorks.

### PARTY PROPAGANDA OF THE '40s?

SIR,—At first sight the card said to be one of admission to the poor-house at Salford in 1841, reproduced in your issue of March 5, is propaganda for the abolition of the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, which was very unpopular with the labouring classes, not least because families were split up on entering the Poor Law Institutions, nicknamed The Bastille (the spelling of Bastille on the card should be noted). The obvious origin of such propaganda is the Chartists. If so, they were very unfair to Joseph Brotherton, who is given as signatory of the card, a cotton manufacturer and a Radical Member of Parliament for Manchester, who voted against the third reading of the Poor Law Bill, and who, in 1839, helped Lord Ashley (later Lord Shaftesbury) to secure the inclusion of children employed in mines in the terms of reference of a Committee appointed to enquire into



**BIRCH FAGGOTS FROM WYRE FOREST, WORCESTERSHIRE, WHICH ARE USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF VINEGAR. (Right) A WYRE FOREST BIRCH BESOM-MAKER**

*See letter: Birch Rods for Vinegar Works*

conditions of children employed in factories and mills.

On the other hand, some confusion existed about which political party most favoured factory reform, as two Tories, Lord Ashley and Richard Oastler, were the best-known advocates for improvement of factory conditions and the Whigs and the Radicals were often thought to be the labouring men's enemies. In view of the card's date (June, 1841), therefore,

it may have been Tory political propaganda to capitalise the dislike of the Poor Law Institutions and so discredit Brotherton in the election of August, 1841. If so, it did not succeed, as Brotherton continued to be a Member of Parliament.—T. A. LLOYD DAVIES, Clyde House, Southwell, Notts.

### BIRCH RODS FOR VINEGAR WORKS

SIR,—In Wyre Forest, Worcestershire, birch twigs are collected not only for besoms but for use in the brewing of malt vinegar. At one stage the liquor passes through a large vat at the bottom of which is a layer of these birch faggots to a depth of about three feet. The object is to bring about some chemical change in the mixture.

The twigs are cut in the autumn, as soon as the leaves have fallen but while the wood is still green. They are cut into lengths and bound up into faggots as shown in my first photograph, with both ends trimmed off so that they can be closely packed in the vats. Birch is a fragrant tree and perhaps lends a special flavour to the vinegar, as it does to Russian leather and to a well-known liqueur. But as the manufacture of synthetic vinegar is increasing, the demand for the twigs is probably dying out.



My other photograph illustrates another and more familiar use to which birch rods are put in Wyre Forest, that of making besoms.—ALICE EVANS, Cardiff.

### TIMOTHY BRETT, NAVY COMMISSIONER

SIR,—Apropos of your correspondence concerning the identity of the Timothy Brett whose unusual triangular monument of Coade stone stands in the grounds of Mount Edgcumbe, Cornwall, he came of a naval family long resident in Greenwich, being the second son of Captain Timothy Brett who died in his house on Crooms Hill, Greenwich, in 1739, and lies buried in Greenwich Church.

Of the latter's three sons, John, the eldest, also a Navy captain, succeeded to his father's property in Portsmouth, which is described in 1776 as including the site of the theatre or playhouse in the High Street there. He lived subsequently at Gosport and ultimately in Greek Street, Soho. Timothy, the second son, whose monument survives at Mount Edgcumbe, became a Navy Commissioner and was one of the directors of Greenwich Hospital in 1789. He lived on Crooms Hill and died unmarried in 1791. His will mentions a gift of £100 "to my much esteemed friend George Viscount Mount Edgcumbe." As both were naval officers of about the same age and it seems certain that Brett was stationed at Plymouth for many years, this friendship is easily explained.

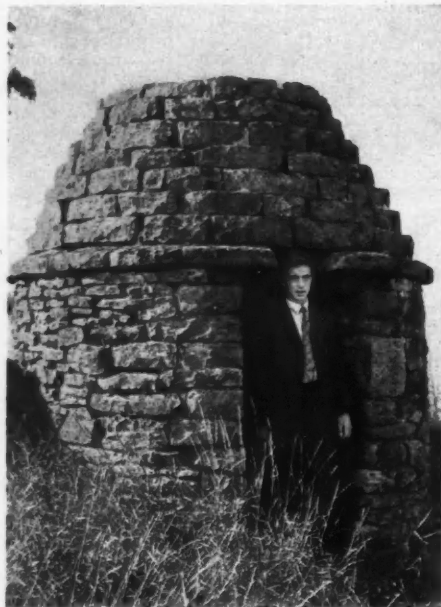
The third son, Charles, was perhaps the best known of the three



**THE BUTTER CROSS AND OLD MARKET BUILDING AT BINGLEY, YORKSHIRE**

*See letter: An Old Market Building*





**A ROUND STONE BUILDING AMONG THE DERBYSHIRE DALES**

*See letter: A Puzzling Building*

brothers. He became one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty under Lord Howe and M.P. for Sandwich in two Parliaments. He married a granddaughter of Sir William Hooker, Lord Mayor of London in 1674, and seems to have occupied for a time the latter's house, which still stands on Crooms Hill. When Hasted wrote in 1778, Charles Brett was living at Vanbrugh Castle, which he had purchased from Lord Tyrowley eight years before. This is the house which Vanbrugh had built on Blackheath for his own residence.

Timothy and Charles Brett were friends and frequent visitors of Sir Gregory Page, whose great Palladian mansion at Blackheath, erected by John James in 1723, was then at the height of its brief fame. Probably, however, the chief interest of the Bretts to-day is the fact of their intimate friendship with their school-mate and close neighbour, James Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. Wolfe was some six years junior to Charles Brett, and when at the age of 12 he was sent to Weston's Academy in Greenwich, the youngest of the Brett boys must have been on the point of leaving. The two families soon formed a lasting friendship and many references to the Bretts occur in Wolfe's letters. In October, 1754, Wolfe wrote from Exeter to his father at Blackheath: "Tim Brett passed through here some days ago on his way home; he had company with him and could not even dine with me," a passage which suggests that Brett was already stationed at Plymouth and was returning to Greenwich on leave.—A. R. MARTIN, 18, Kidbrooke Park Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

### HEAVILY OUTNUMBERED

SIR,—Apropos of your recent correspondence about pigs and their litters in church decoration, I enclose a photograph of a misericord from St. David's Cathedral, Pembrokeshire, showing two pigs and three piglets attacking a hound. I do not know what, if anything, is symbolised, but the hound seems rather unfairly outnumbered.—W. M., Ludlow, Shropshire.

### PROBLEM NICHES

SIR,—Niches such as those in a wall of the rectory garden at Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, illustrated in your issue of April 2, are apparently not uncommon. Much Hadham (Hertfordshire) Old Rectory has them in a wall facing south, and I know a garden of a house in Chipping

Campden (Gloucestershire) main street which has them.

At one time my friend in Chipping Campden possessed a small straw beehive which seemed to settle the problem of their use. But, unfortunately, the niches do not seem deep enough to support even the small beehive firmly in position, and we thought some form of bracket or board might have been used to hold them in position.

It has been suggested, if my memory serves me aright, that such walls may have been for fruit and the niches for small oil lamps as protection against frost.—N. G. ANDERSON, 62, Kingston House, Princes Gate, S.W.7.

### A PUZZLING BUILDING

SIR,—Can any fellow-reader of COUNTRY LIFE suggest what the building depicted in the enclosed photograph is or has been? It lies in a field off a by-road between Hassop and

Baslow with Bubnell in Derbyshire, is circular and stone-built, and has a doorway, but no door, no window, and no roof. My son, standing in the entrance, is 5 ft. 10 ins. tall, which gives some idea of the height. Owing to a tall hedge the building cannot be seen easily from the lane, but there is a gap made in the hedge as if on purpose to reach it. The field is on rising ground, so that there is quite an extensive view from the doorway. Except for a farm several fields away, there were no other buildings near.—JOAN COPE, *The Coppice, Buxton, Derbyshire.*

### A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

SIR,—Apropos of the article entitled *The Inexplicable*, in your issue of February 13, some years ago I was shooting on the Travancore border not far from Ambasamudram in the Tinnevely district of the Madras Presidency, and was staying in a small forest bungalow in the jungle, by the banks of a swift and dangerous river. The only access to the bungalow was by a primitive ferry. There were no habitations, and the surrounding jungle was best explored by means of the river and the bungalow boat. For two or three weeks I made dawn and evening expeditions from the bungalow.

One route, which I took several times, after a boat journey led over some large flat rocks near the river, and whenever we came to these rocks I used to hear a loud whistle, to which one of the shikaris always replied in the same manner. This occurred in the morning and in the evening, but

never in any other place. The shikaris never paused, or looked round, or made any remark, and they never whistled first.

My curiosity becoming aroused, and my knowledge of Tamil being limited, one day on my return to the bungalow I asked my English-speaking bearer to ask the shikaris in my presence what it was. The reply was that a coolie they knew was drowned there while trying to cross the river, and that ever since he had whistled to them and they whistled back. All this in the most matter-of-fact manner possible.

The whistling continued just the same after the question had been asked. I am quite sure the men believed what they said and that a deliberate attempt to hoax may be ruled out.—R. JACKSON, *Egypt.*

### STRINGING HOPS BY HAND

SIR,—Though the majority of hop growers use permanent erections of poles and wire which do not have to be taken down and renewed each year, in some of the Herefordshire hop yards the poles are erected and strung



**STRINGING HOP POLES IN HEREFORDSHIRE**

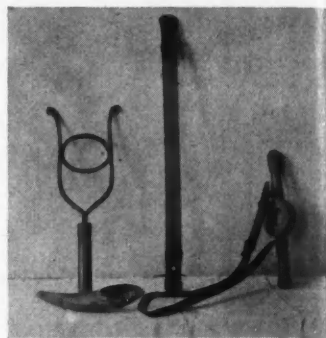
*See letter: Stringing Hops by Hand*

annually. The enclosed photograph shows how the stringing is done. A man tosses the ball up and knots the string until a complete network or web connects the poles. There are hooks in the ground to which the string is threaded after each upward flight.—M. WIGHT (Miss), *Thelwall, Overbury Road, Hereford.*



**A MISERICORD IN ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL DEPICTING A HOUND BEING ATTACKED BY PIGS**

*See letter: Heavily Outnumbered*



**OLD HORSE DOCTOR'S APPLIANCES PRESERVED IN TICKENHILL FOLK MUSEUM, BEWDLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE**

*See letter: For Doctoring Horses*

### FOR DOCTORING HORSES

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an interesting collection of old appliances used by horse doctors, which are preserved in the Tickenhill Folk Museum at Bewdley, Worcestershire. The

object on the left is a farrier's horse gag, which was inserted between the teeth and then turned upwards to force open the mouth. A pill could then be administered through the ring. The appliance in the middle is a flat, flexible brass band for scraping the sweat from a horse's coat, and that on the right is for holding open a cow's mouth in order to administer a drench (held in the horn, below, left), again through the central circle.—ALLAN JOBSON, 21, Crown Dale, S.E.19

### SANDHURST WAR MEMORIAL APPEAL

SIR,—May I bring to the notice of your readers the appeal on behalf of the Second World War Memorial in the Sandhurst Chapel and the situation regarding it as a result of the amalgamation of the Royal Military Academy and the Royal Military College? Such memorials as can be moved from the Woolwich Chapel will eventually be trans-

ferred to Sandhurst and erected in a new wing, so that the Royal Military Memorial Chapel, Sandhurst, will become not only a unique memorial to, but a parent church of, officers throughout the Army.

The Second World War Memorial is intended to commemorate all the officers of the British Commonwealth who gave their lives, whether they were trained at Woolwich, Sandhurst, military colleges in the Commonwealth or one of the war-time O.C.T.U.s, and irrespective of the type of commission they held. His Majesty the King has graciously signified his approval of the plans for the memorial, which are: (1) A Book of Remembrance, (2) Oak pews (with crests of corps and regiments carried on panels and ends), (3) A new organ and screen, which is to be a special memorial to officers of the Indian Army.

Donations, which should indicate whether the amount is to be included in the total of any particular regiment or corps, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, War Memorial Appeal, R.M.A., Sandhurst, who will answer any queries.—F. R. MATTHEWS (Major-General), Chairman, Chapel War Memorial Committee, Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.



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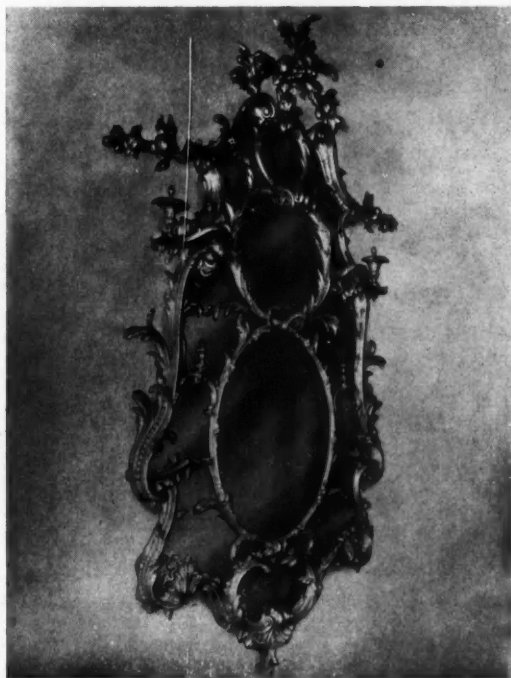
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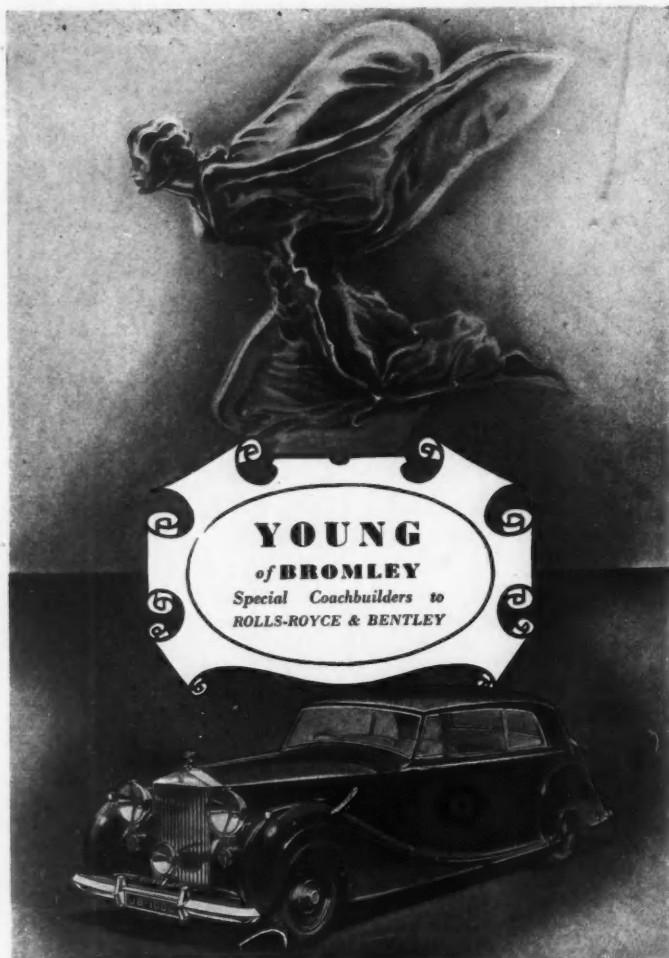
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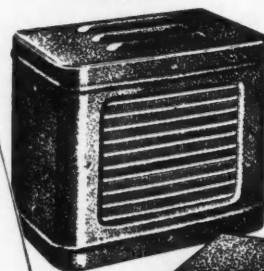
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## NEW BOOKS

## LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE

CONSIDERING that England is the home of landscape architecture—in the form that we understand it here—and the great need there is for its current exercise if the character of our country, and perhaps of our people, is to be maintained, it is astonishing that there has been no comprehensive modern book upon the art, or science. There have been plenty on garden design, and much constructive thought has gone into recent town-planning schemes. Nor are studies lacking of the technical aspects of landscape, which must nowadays play an equal part with the aesthetic in the handling of Nature by man.

In *Land and Landscape* (Murray, 21s.), Miss Brenda Colvin, who is secretary of the Institute of Landscape Architects, has combined both aspects in a book that will no doubt become the indispensable primer and work of reference for practitioners and others. It includes a useful historical introduction, but the reader interested in this aspect alone can be recommended *The English Landscape Garden*, by H. F. Clark (12s. 6d.), the first of a series of handbooks published for the Georgian Group by Pleiades Books. In 60 pages of letterpress and with 56 well-chosen illustrations from old prints, drawings, and recent photographs, Mr. Clark sketches admirably the origin and development of pictorial garden design, with detailed notes on nine representative examples. He rightly emphasises the idealistic quality of the Georgian landscapes, in which associated sentiments and ideas—derived from painting, literature, and romantic notions generally—accounted for quite as much of their enjoyment as their actual visual qualities or their very limited horticultural resources.

## Changed Approach

Nevertheless, these Elysiums, as contemporaries so often called them, constitute the prototypes of modern practice. Miss Colvin recognises that there is no specifically "modern style" of garden, or landscape, design; "landscape is ageless and basic." It is the approach nowadays that has changed. The contemporary landscape architect must set purpose first; a purpose that may range from a recreation ground, public park, or golf course, to the setting of industrial works or indeed the environs of a city. This necessarily functional approach, however, while demanding in the practitioner much wider technical knowledge than in his predecessors, should make for more, not less, aesthetic qualities in the result, provided he possesses a firm grasp of the natural foundations of scenery.

In the great majority of cases, Miss Colvin shows, the right use of land, with all that implies in knowledge of soil, climate and vegetation, is seen to be the prime cause of landscape beauty. In this functional handling of natural and plant materials in their right relationships lies the secret of creating beauty, or at least seamlessness.

## Visual Principles

There are, of course, visual principles, too, by which the landscape architect must order his art. Miss Colvin quotes Repton as discovering the truth that classic architecture is best associated with vertical trees, and Gothic with the rounded forms of hardwoods. But where a visual design ignores functional rightness, the result becomes or is felt to be unsatisfactory. These principles pertain throughout landscape architecture, and Miss Colvin applies them, together with the practical requirements involved, to such varied modern needs as children's play-grounds, national parks, urban and industrial landscape, rail-

ways and arterial roads, and equally in such generalised chapters as those on "plant grouping," and "form, colour and texture."

A hundred aptly selected photographs, in addition to text diagrams, are a valuable supplement to the 250 pages of text.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## ECCLESIA ANGLICANA

THE revival of interest in Georgian architecture has led to a renewed appreciation of the

London churches which were so often the models for provincial architects and builders; but Mr. Whiffen has realised the difficulty, and one of the interesting points which he makes is the enormous influence exerted by Gibbs for over half a century after the publication of his *Book of Architecture*, an influence which crossed the Atlantic to New England, where many of the churches ascribed to the influence of Wren were in reality inspired by Gibbs. The first phase of the Gothic Revival is traced in some detail, and the



Looking Westward from Camp V (25,600 ft.) of the 1938 Everest Expedition: one of the photographs illustrating Mount Everest, 1938, by H. W. Tilman, an account of the latest attempt to climb Mount Everest (reviewed on this page)

classic churches which for nearly a century have been ignored by the guide-books or dismissed as "pseudo-Renaissance," "heavy," "clumsy," or actually "pagan." A good book on the architecture of the Church of England before the Victorian era has been long overdue. Mr. Marcus Whiffen has now essayed to fill the gap with his *Stuart and Georgian Churches Outside London, 1603-1837* (Batsford, 18s.). The book makes no claim to be exhaustive, and indeed is little more than an outline of the subject, with a large number of photographs, which, however, have lost a good deal of their quality in reproduction. It includes most of the important examples of Protestant church architecture in provincial towns up to the reign of Queen Victoria, and a fair proportion, though by no means all, of the delightful country churches.

There is an obvious disadvantage in treating the subject apart from the

chapter on later Georgian churches contains many interesting, and several eccentric, examples, square, round and elliptical. Such buildings as All Saints, Newcastle (David Stephenson), and St. Chad's, Shrewsbury (George Stuart) show their architects to have possessed much more inventiveness and originality than most of the designers of the next generation, but their circular auditoria and tiered seats are more suggestive of a theatre or concert hall than a church. Buildings such as these, no less than the many dreary brick and stucco boxes built under the Act of 1818, help to explain the violence of the reaction when it came.

Mr. Whiffen views his subject through the eyes of the architect and the dilettante, and has little to say on the doctrinal and liturgical considerations which were equally important factors in determining the shape and character of Anglican churches. By a

happy coincidence this aspect of the subject has been given very full and scholarly treatment in a book which is the joint work of an ecclesiologist expert and an architect. *The Architectural Setting of Anglican Worship*, by the Rev. G. W. O. Addleshaw and Frederick Etchells (Faber and Faber, 25s.) is a systematic record of what our churches looked like from the Reformation up to the Victorian age. The varying importance attached to altar, pulpit and reading desk, the problems set by the need to adapt mediaeval fabrics to the reformed liturgy, the solutions found and the experiments made to ensure that all should be able to hear the preacher and see the blessing of the sacred elements—all this and much more is set out in detail and made intelligible by numerous plans. There are now not many churches left in which the old arrangements prevail completely, so thorough was the Victorian purge. The principal examples are listed at the end of the book. But the authors are not merely concerned with recording survivals. They have a practical purpose, and that is to show what lessons may be learned from a careful study of the past in repairing some of the worst errors of the Tractarians and devising less rigid arrangements that can be varied to suit changing requirements and different types of church plans. A. S. O.

## EVEREST: THE 1938 EXPEDITION

NEARLY ten years have elapsed since the latest attempt to climb Mount Everest, but, owing to the war, it has not until now been possible to publish the story of it. But Mr. H. W. Tilman's *Mount Everest, 1938* (Cambridge University Press, 15s.) is a book well worth waiting for. It is, indeed, as entertaining as it is instructive, for its author, who led the expedition, has a delightful sense of humour. Though the early onset of snow and the monsoon bilked the party of its prize, the achievement in getting two pairs of climbers within striking distance of the summit was a very fine one and amply justified Mr. Tilman's advocacy of a small and light expedition in preference to a large and cumbersome one such as used to be sent to assault the mountain. There are appendices on the use of oxygen on the expedition, by Mr. Peter Lloyd, and on the geology of Mount Everest, by Dr. N. E. Odell, and in another Mr. Tilman puts up a strong case for the existence of the Abominable Snowman of the Himalaya. The book is illustrated by many fine photographs, by Mr. F. S. Smythe and others, such as that reproduced on this page. J. K. A.

## LIFE AT MAIDEN CASTLE

MR. ERIC BENFIELD has combined fact and imagination happily in *The Town of Maiden Castle* (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.), a reconstruction, based on Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler's reports of the excavations there shortly before the war, of life in the great prehistoric hill-town near Dorchester in Dorset. Tracing the history of the site from neolithic to Roman times (the Roman invasion of A.D. 43 was the beginning of the end of the town), he shows how the population, which probably numbered about 5,000 at its height and was predominantly agricultural, adapted itself to new discoveries and the changes that came from them and presents a people far removed in skill and sensibility from the woad-painted savages that Julius Caesar would have one believe inhabited this country when he invaded it. C. D.

## RICHARD JEFFERIES

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### NEW BOOKS

## GOEBBELS, THE HUMAN DYNAMO

Review by HOWARD SPRING

WASTE paper salvaged in Berlin after the occupation, singed as though an attempt had been made to burn it, was found to be part of a diary that Goebbels kept from day to day. Only the pages dealing with the years 1942 and 1943 were recovered, and there were gaps in these. However, even what there was amounted to 750,000 words, for Goebbels was ever loquacious. Mr. Louis P. Lochner, an American journalist who spent many years in Berlin, was entrusted with the task of reducing this to a book which now occupies 458 pages, called *The Goebbels Diaries* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.). This is a book of such importance that it deserves, and shall have, all my space.

The state of things within the Reich changed utterly during the two years here considered. At the outset, Germany is on top of the world.

attachment of Hitler to his dog Blondi. "It is a good thing that the Fuehrer has at least one living thing constantly with him." It is during the return from one of these visits that Goebbels makes this extraordinary entry in the diary: "A wonderful day. I can only shake my head at the folly of human beings who wage war where nature is so beautiful."

Then there was Goering, the heavy, lethargic bear, retired to his cave in the Obersalzberg, emerging at reluctant intervals, occasionally taking a spark of life, but subsiding quickly and padding back to the retreat where, later, the Americans found thousands of bottles of champagne. All through the time of this record his prestige sinks. Hitler is surly with him; the people want to know why he never appears where danger is about; and when, occasionally, he makes a public

### THE GOEBBELS DIARIES

*Translated and Edited by Louis P. Lochner  
(Hamish Hamilton, 21s.)*

Europe is prostrate before her might. Rommel is having things his own way in Africa. Air warfare has hardly touched the Reich. Only on the Eastern front is there a gnawing anxiety. This does not yet amount to dismay or even apprehension, but Russia has proved to be no Poland.

The diary ends with the Germans and Italians cleared out of Africa, with Italy invaded, with the situation on the Eastern front so disastrous as to be clearly beyond repair, with fear of invasion in the west becoming a nightmare, with the British and American air forces pounding city after city in Germany to rubble, with the German submarine offensive an admitted failure, and with Goebbels discussing with Hitler whether it would be better to surrender to Stalin or to the Western allies. He retained throughout an extraordinary shrewdness and realism. He saw clearly that it was not a question of merely coming to terms with "the enemy." He knew that there were two enemies and that their intentions would be revealed as diametrically opposed once Germany was out of the way.

Two fateful years, then, are here recorded, and they end with Goebbels crying amid blazing Berlin: "We must achieve success somewhere. A kingdom for a victory!"

### THE BIG THREE

Throughout, three people dominate the record. Hitler all the time, save for occasional spells, is at the Headquarters on the Eastern front, hating the generals. It became his main occupation. "He is absolutely sick of the generals. He can't imagine anything better than having nothing to do with them. . . . He also told me why he no longer eats at the generals' mess at G.H.Q. He just can't bear the sight of generals any longer." Sometimes Goebbels went to see him there. They talked much of the days to come when they could devote themselves to real things like art and music; and Goebbels was pleased by the

speech it is clumsy and inept. But throughout Goebbels is faithful to him. He is one of the Old Guard, and the busy doctor does all he can to spur him to action, to strengthen his falling prestige, to make him stand well with Hitler. But the Reichsmarshal cuts a sorry, shambling figure: a man who had been willing enough to fight to get on top of the world, and is now determined to use it as an armchair, even when every event is screaming that it is crumbling beneath him.

### RAN THE COUNTRY

Then there is Goebbels himself, clearly a man of immense quality, however shamefully and cynically he applied it. Mr. Lochner says of him in his introduction that he ran the country while Hitler ran the war; and that is the fact. While Goering was sluggish, he was abounding in energy and fertile in device; while Hitler's mind brooded at a single point, the mind of Goebbels darted hither and thither, snatching ever new provinces within the range of his direction. He records, after a visit to Hitler in the East: "He confirmed once more that in situations like that I am the supreme and sole commander in the capital. The ministries, too, are to obey my orders. The entire public life is subordinated to me. In time of catastrophe, only one person can give orders."

He was equal to the enormous burdens thus placed upon his shoulders. His puny crippled body revolted. He endured great physical pain, and his doctors urged him to go away for a cure. But he would not do this. He urged himself to unrelenting effort. While Berlin was blazing and crumbling, he was in the streets, showing himself where it was good for morale that a "high up" should be seen, directing the fire-fighters, issuing cigarettes.

It is clear from these pages that to think of Goebbels as a dwarf sitting in an office spinning a web of words is to have a wrong opinion. Let us be fair to him and admit that his work

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was magnificent, if misconceived. He lived in those years a Spartan life, burning with heroic energy. Nothing came amiss. One day he is concerning himself with what Germany is to get out of Italy. The Reich's borders must include Venezia, and Burgundy must be annexed from France. Then he has to decide whether dancing girls should be taken into the Women's Labour Service. And the hair-dyeing habits of women. Should beauty-parlours be shut? "Even during total war one must not fight the women. Never yet has such a battle been won by any government. For women constitute a tremendous power, and as soon as you dare to touch their beauty parlours they are up in arms."

#### FURIOUS HORNET

So, like a furious hornet, he dashes from subject to subject. The Churches? We must butter them up now, but they've got it coming to them after the war! The Jews? Ah, everywhere and every time, wipe them out! The administration of justice? I must see Hitler about that. It is time the judges realised that "justice must be the servant of state policy." The potato ration must be looked into; and then State funerals are very clumsily planned. "In future they must be turned over to our Ministry, since we alone can guarantee that they will be performed in a manner worthy of the State." Then those fools in France! They are actually helping the French to make good films! We must see that they have nothing but rubbish.

Nothing escapes his attention. William Temple has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. "He stands 100 per cent. behind Churchill, is clever at dialectics, and, because of that fact, extremely dangerous. That means we may expect a number of severe attacks from the English clergy."

And now the Germans are not being polite even to one another! We must issue orders about that; and we must think over what the Fuehrer said about vegetarianism. Perhaps after the war we shall "completely reverse our food system."

#### FORMULA FOR PROPAGANDA

He lays down a formula for propaganda. It must be "simple and repetitive. In the long run, basic results in influencing public opinion will be achieved only by the man who is able to reduce problems to the simplest terms and who has the courage to keep for ever repeating them in this simplified form, despite the objections of the intellectuals." But when Stalin uses this formula he is annoyed: "Stalin issued thirty points to his army. These points are about as naive as can be imagined. But I suppose he knows how to treat his Russian people. They are as primitive as the language he uses to talk to them."

He did not share the contempt Ribbentrop professed for the English: "A moral breakdown such as we experienced in 1918 can be brought about in England only with great difficulty, if at all. We should have no illusions in this respect." The English "are obdurate to a degree that gets on one's nerves in the long run. But possibly that is a national advantage rather than a disadvantage." "The English people show fantastic national discipline." No; he didn't think much of Ribbentrop; neither did Goering. "Goering constantly claims that this war is Ribbentrop's doing,

and that he never made any serious attempt to achieve a *modus vivendi* with England, simple because he has an inferiority complex."

There is evidence all through the diary that Germany and German officials were riddled with bickering and distrust and self-seeking muddle all through these years. "Ribbentrop avoids decisions simply by not being where he can be found." Goebbels seems to have trusted no one among the "high ups" except Hitler and Goering, and the one was a man obsessed and the other a man already undone. He thought the German navy "about as unmodern as anything can be. It has no leadership of any calibre." He fully shared Hitler's distrust of the generals in their professional capacity, but believed that "such treason as the Italian generals committed against Mussolini is impossible considering the mentality of the German and especially the Prussian generals." Had the diary continued for a few more months, we should have found him disillusioned.

#### THE FINAL AIM

The final aim was clear in his mind and Hitler's. "The Fuehrer gave expression to his unshakeable conviction that the Reich will be the master of all Europe. We shall yet have to engage in many fights, but these will undoubtedly lead to magnificent victories. Thereafter the way to world domination is practically certain. To dominate Europe will be to assume the leadership of the world. In this connection we naturally cannot accept questions of right and wrong even as a basis of discussion. The loss of this war would constitute the greatest wrong to the German people, victory would give us the greatest right. After all, it will be only the victor who can prove to the world the moral justification for this struggle."

His devotion to Hitler remained to the end absolute, so that, as we know, when Hitler was dead life had no more meaning for him. He had his six children poisoned and himself and his wife shot by his orderly. "The German people," he wrote in May, 1943, "simply don't know what they owe to their Fuehrer." Well, they and he were soon to learn.

#### BIRD SONG IN POETRY

TERESA HOOLEY, in *Selected Poems* (Cape, 7s. 6d.), sings like a bird on a bough, with a blessed unself-consciousness, a serene indifference to fashionable taboos on sweetness and light. Sometimes we wish that (like the blackbird!) she would practise her stave a little more assiduously. But then we come upon some poem that makes us instantly forgive her. Her *Triplet* is brave and beautiful:—

*I have taken loneliness for my lover,  
Though harsh at first was his face  
to me . . .*

Rosamond Praeger positively defies modish taboos by calling her book *Old-fashioned Verses and Sketches* (Dundalgan Press, 10s. 6d.). The sketches are delightful, and she "has the Irish" to such perfection that mere English is waste of her time.

*Is it girls?*

*Dear help them,*

*I'd like to skelp them!*

is the essence of what her "Old Women" have to say on that subject.

Two years ago an Englishman, Steven Bracher, lay in hospital in Asia and wrote *The Hunting of the Hare* (Williams and Norgate, 3s. 6d.). It has the nostalgic passion that comes of long and far distance from home; it also has the ease and beauty of craftsmanship that conceals hard labour. V. H. F.

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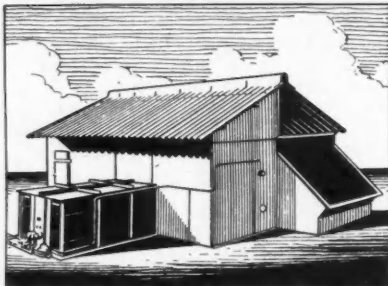


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## HOUSING IN THE VILLAGES

LITTLE change seems to have been obtained by the spokesmen of the Central Landowners' Association and the National Farmers' Union when they went to see the Ministries of Health and Agriculture about rural housing. The delegation pressed for the introduction of legislation immediately to restore Government grants for reconditioning rural cottages. The Hobhouse Committee—and, indeed, everyone who has first-hand knowledge of housing problems in the villages—can vouch for the fact that there are many cottages which, with some reconditioning, can provide additional accommodation. Many of these cottages are old and provide indifferent living conditions below the standards now considered desirable, and indeed necessary. Those who inhabit them are as anxious as anyone else to see more houses built, because they cherish the hope that they will be considered as tenants. But if £200 or even £500 spent on enlarging and improving an existing cottage will provide a satisfactory house, this is surely a sounder investment all round than waiting interminably for the building of new houses by the local councils at a cost of £1,500 or more each. Nearly every village needs some new houses and there are few where there is not scope for the reconditioning of existing ones so as to maintain a contented labour force on the land. At this meeting with the C.L.A. and the N.F.U. the Ministry of Health's spokesman said that private persons could obtain licences to erect prefabricated or partly prefabricated houses, such as the Airey house, provided they kept within the price ceiling. He also said that in suitable cases consideration would be given to applications by private builders to erect houses other than the three-bedroomed type. These promises mean little when the Regional Officers of the Ministry of Health are refusing consent to the building of more farm-workers' houses, even in cases recommended by a county agricultural executive committee and a rural district council. This whole wretched business has got so entangled with forms and permits that the farmer who genuinely needs additional houses to accommodate British workers is coming to feel that the better course is to limit his farming efforts to the smaller number of men left to him now that the Germans are disappearing.

### Labour Costs

IT is certainly true that the gang labour which can now be obtained from the county committees' hostels is very expensive. The men arrive in lorries or sometimes in coaches half an hour or longer after the normal starting time, and, of course, they have to leave early so as to be back in the hostel in good time for tea. If it rains even a little, they withdraw their labour and if the rain persists they are fetched away altogether. Most farmers are now realising that this casual labour has become too costly and that they must try, somehow, to keep enough regular labour on the farm for their needs through the year. Lack of decent housing is a major problem, but it is not the only difficulty. Some farmers have the accommodation for trainees whom they would take on if they had a foreman capable of keeping an eye on the novices or if they themselves had the time to give the individual supervision which the trainee needs in the first few weeks. On some farms the maintenance of a regular labour force through the year will require some modification in farming policy to provide productive work through periods that are now considered slack times. These prob-

lems can only be solved by the farmer making his own plans, but it would be helpful if we could occasionally exchange ideas locally on labour costs and management. The time spent might well yield as useful dividends as attendance at technical lectures.

### Mastitis

TO the Farmers' Club in London, Dr. T. Dalling and Dr. A. W. Stableforth gave last week an up-to-date and expert account of the progress which the scientists are making in combating bovine mastitis. The results of recent work point to mass treatment of the dairy herd, premises and equipment as the simplest way in which to eliminate mastitis from a herd and keep it free from further infection. Dr. Dalling insisted that in the treatment of mastitis there follows no immunity or resistance in the cow's udder to further infection. The treated and cured cow is just as susceptible to trouble as ever she was. Dr. Stableforth described the three methods of dealing with mastitis: firstly, the treatment confined to those animals which are showing clinical symptoms; secondly, the treatment of all animals shown to be infected by the cultural examination of their milk; and, thirdly, the treatment of all cows in the herd, whether infected or not, and full disinfection measures. The results of whole-herd treatment and disinfection have been highly satisfactory, but the cost is high.

### Grain Storage

FARMERS are being urged now to make arrangements for storing more grain on farms at harvest and immediately afterwards. Over one thousand additional combine harvesters should be at work this year, and those of us who hope to use them have to face this problem of grain storage. The mills will, of course, take some grain straight out of the harvest field in a dry season and some of the mills have drying facilities, but in the few weeks when everyone is busy harvesting, road transport and the capacity of the mills themselves will be strained to the limit. The Government take no responsibility for finding storage for wheat at harvest-time, although the Ministry of Food will be able to take most of the barley not up to malting standard that is offered at the milling price. In a damp time the storage of wheat coming off the combines can be a serious problem. The farmer who hires a combine is unlikely to have any drying facilities, and he will have to make arrangements with a neighbour or a corn merchant to have the wheat dried, even if he takes it back again for storage until it can be loaded for the mill. In America and Australia the grain coming off the combines can just be dumped until the lines to the elevators are clear. Here, more often than not, wheat will heat and grow mouldy unless it is quickly dried.

### Farm Values

TO what extent has farm land in England increased in value since 1938? The answer seems to vary with the part of the country and the quality of the land. I am told that the better fenland of East Anglia has doubled at least in price in the last ten years, whereas, on the thinner chalk soils that run from Dorset up to Lincolnshire, farm values have not increased by more than 50 per cent. There seems to be an especially keen market for good land that is not encumbered with village property beyond the actual housing requirements of the farm itself. The amenity responsibilities which the old-time squire carried on his broad shoulders now detract from, rather than add to, the market value of an estate.

CINCINNATUS.

## ESTATE MARKET

# TRAFALGAR ESTATE TO BE SOLD

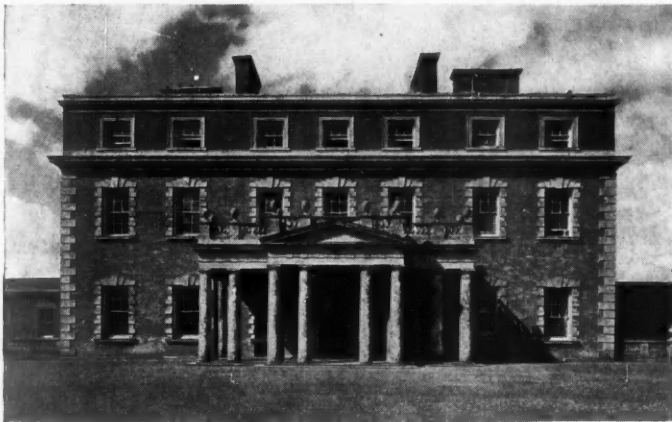
THE British Legion Hall, Salisbury, will on June 2 be the setting for a sad occasion. True, most of us are by now resigned to the ever-increasing number of enforced sales of the historic country homes of England; nevertheless it is indeed a phlegmatic temperament that can contemplate with indifference the passing of Trafalgar House from the Nelson family. At one time it was hoped that the mansion would be acquired by the Admiralty, but unfortunately this scheme came to naught.

Trafalgar House, which stands on high ground overlooking the village of Downton, on the east bank of the Avon, six miles below Salisbury, was built in 1733 for Sir Peter Vandeput, Bt., and was then known as Standlynch. It was bought for the descendants of the immortal Admiral by a grateful nation in 1814, and its name changed to Trafalgar to commemorate his most famous victory. At the same

traditions of English country life." Failing a satisfactory offer, the estate will be submitted in 75 lots. Already there have been numerous enquiries from private individuals, as well as from national institutions, but, although a substantial offer would receive the consideration of the trustees, no price will be quoted for a sale by private treaty, and it is unlikely that the estate will be sold before the auction.

## CHEAPER HOUSES?

IT is still by no means unusual to hear would-be buyers of houses ask whether prices are likely to fall. Some of the enquirers assume that reduced prices are inevitable and want to know when this desirable state of affairs is likely to take place. It is true that building materials, with the exception of steel and timber, are more plentiful and that more skilled labour is available; on the other hand, the cost of



TRAFALGAR HOUSE: THE ENTRANCE FRONT

time a perpetual pension of £5,000 a year was voted by Parliament, and there is small doubt but that the decision by the present Parliament that this pension shall cease with the death of the present Lord Nelson is chiefly responsible for the sale.

## ATTEMPT TO OVERTHROW CROMWELL

STANDLYNCH was old in history at the time of Trafalgar, and the Domesday Survey records that the estate, then known as Stanlege, was held by Azelin, the Saxon, of Waleran the Hunter. Much later it was the rallying point for some of the gentry who took part in the abortive attempt, led by Colonel Penruddock, or Penrodock, to overthrow Cromwell in 1655. The Colonel's memory is perpetuated, with that of his daughter, Joane, wife of Maurice Bockland, one-time owner of Standlynch, in an epitaph on the wall of the Chapel at Trafalgar.

Trafalgar House consists of a central block with two wings, and is of mellowed red brick with stone facings and slated roofs. The central block is attributed to Roger Morris, famous disciple of Lord Burlington, and the wings, which were added in 1766, are probably the work of John Wood the younger, of Bath. The estate has been added to from time to time, and now comprises 3,415 acres, including 14 farms, 55 houses and cottages, and 500 acres of woodland.

Messrs. Woolley and Wallis, of Salisbury, in whose hands the property is for disposal, express the hope that the estate, which is to be first offered as a whole, will be purchased as such by "a buyer who will carry on the best

work continues to be exorbitant—about 170 per cent. above pre-war prices. This figure, mentioned by the Director of Housing of the L.C.C. has not been challenged.

Considering the responsibilities shouldered by private building contractors in conforming to the Government's policy of providing houses to let, it is not surprising that there is no great production of houses for sale. However, optimistic forecasts are to the effect that the supply of houses for letting may soon catch up with the demand. Estate agents confirm the opinion previously expressed in these columns that the popularity of country and suburban houses with an acre or two of grounds is waning. Since the war urban accommodation has been provided for more than 530,000 families, and 170,000 permanent houses are in course of completion by local authorities. PROCURATOR.

## AN URGENT CALL

LOSS of waste paper threatens loss of dollars and a prolongation of Britain's austerity. Increasing supplies of paper and cardboard are urgently essential for the packing and protection of goods for the export trades, still, despite Marshall aid, a vital necessity for national recovery. More thorough salvage of waste supplies in offices and homes could, it is estimated, provide the additional 200,000 tons of paper-making materials required per annum for re-pulping. Everyone can help by the systematic preservation of newspapers, magazines, cartons and unwanted correspondence for collection, separately from the dust-bins, by the dustmen.

## THE COUNTRYMAN HAS A WORD FOR IT:

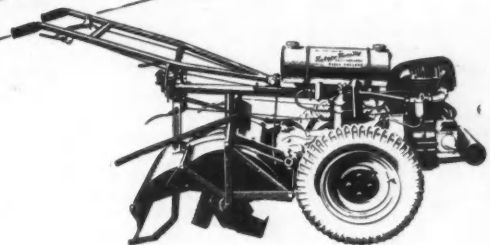


## A DROVE OF HARES

Although the word 'drove' is usually applied to cattle or sheep, it is also a country term for a group of hares. Pharmacy, too, attaches special meanings to certain words. In a prescription, for example, the 'subscription' is the part containing directions to the dispenser. Among the general public the best-known name in pharmacy is that of Boots, recognised everywhere as an assurance of the highest standards in medical supplies.

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# Accessories FOR THE NEW LINE



Black satin handbag piped with gold kid on a solid frame. Lafarge

★

(Right) Pigskin handbag shaped like a camera case, saddle-stitched in white. Gay Kaye



(Right) A pigskin bag on a solid base, small for the long skirts. Gay Kaye



Floral satin pouch-shaped evening bag. Lafarge



Python set—a drawstring bag and a collapsible full-size umbrella in a python case. Harrods



Pigskin overnight brief case with a compartment in the middle lined with oilskin. Harrods

ACCESSORIES have changed radically during the last six months to keep in line with the wasp-waisted silhouette and the mid-calf skirts. Handbags are half the size they were and have handles. Many are constructed on solid bases and frames, others are left soft and unlined, and these are shaped like a workbag and fasten with a drawstring.

Pigskin bags for the spring suits look elegant saddle-stitched in white and shaped like cartridge cases or miniature attaché cases. Black or nigger brown suède bags for afternoons, about the size and shape of a novel, are made with broad gold metal clasps and on solid bases so that they can stand upright, and they open out flat on a hinge. Many of them are beautifully fitted up inside with gold metal compacts and with pockets for lighters and lipsticks, etc. For summer dresses, the handbags are still small and compact with handles and made in bright-coloured grained leather, or in strong, striped linen like a ticking—miniature bandboxes or hatboxes, some shaped like portmanteaux.

The drawstring handbags in lizard or python skins are brilliantly coloured and, matching sets of bag, belt, shoes, with sometimes an umbrella covering as well, look very chic with one of the straight coat-frocks that are a feature of the early summer fashions. Quilted satin makes a pretty evening bag in these soft shapes, also some dazzling brocades. For bridesmaids and evening wear, the bags are sewn all over with tiny blossoms or embroidered with sprays of sequin flowers. Many jewel and make-up cases are shown in the shops in all sorts of leathers, a pale pink calf one lined with chamois leather being an especially attractive combination. The cases have small trays opening out—the most practical of fittings for packing away jewels. There are also leather make-up cases in all shapes and sizes; perhaps the smartest are those made like miniature suitcases and fitted with bottles.

Evening shoes show the high strapping round the ankle that goes best with the new skirts that show the ankles. One at Gamba is particularly pretty—a pair of black sandals with scarlet leather forming a flat front and with the heel cut very high at the back, finishing in a narrow ankle strap. Simpsons show some cool and smart-looking wedge-heeled walking shoes for light frocks and suits in white and tan and navy and white. Lillywhite's buckskin shoes with pale yellow crêpe soles and crêpe knobs on the shoe laces are an amusing and charming colour combination to wear with navy and white or the deep green-greys of

(Continued on page 798)

Photographs COUNTRY LIFE Studio



(Left) Golf gloves in pigskin with reinforced palms and hand-knit wrists and fingers. The White House

(Right) Riding gloves in chamois with crochet fingers to grip. The White House





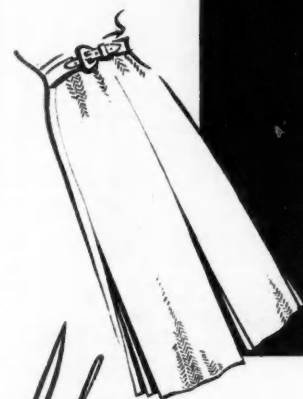
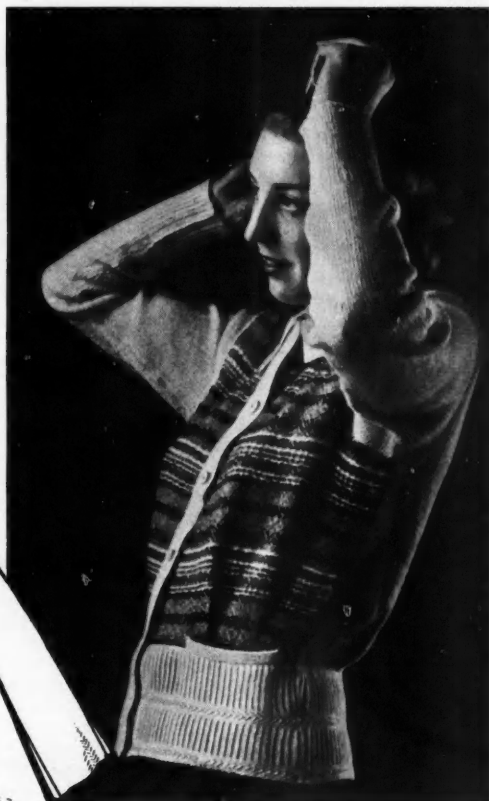
Silver sand crêpe shirt with felt hat to match.  
Monogram in contrasting colour.

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**Harvey Nichols**  
of Knightsbridge

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

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Summer Brevitts styled for comfort in hot weather; sandals in suede and perforated patent and platform-soled suédés

(Right) Brown leather walking shoe with picot trimming, Brevitt



(Left) Leather casuals with wedge heel and sidestrap, and (below) white kid sandals with high ankle strapping. Both from Joyce



this summer. Grey shoes in suede are featured for the grey suits, also for printed frocks.

THE petticoats have transformed the lingerie departments in a short time. The streamlined petticoat is being ousted from favour, and in its place emerges the taffeta, waist-length petticoat cut in gores with a frill,

such as was worn at the beginning of the century. The frou-frou at the hemline is designed to give a good set to the mid-calf skirts and prevent them from clinging to the legs. The taffeta for making these petticoats is selling like hot cakes in the fabric departments, both in nylon and in pure silk, in which it is shown in Victorian colours—puce, lilac, forget-me-not blue and an acid green. You can also buy the white embroidered lace edgings once more for white lawn petticoats. At Selfridges they have a selection of these which looks like a page from a family album. English edgings in cut embroidery, discarded for so long, are all coming back into their own again, and camisoles are being displayed alongside the waist-petticoats—camisoles in taffeta that fit closely to the figure and are edged

with a tiny ruche or a narrow lace at the top. Gay colours or white are shown for sports accessories. A white corduroy coat, nearly knee-length, is a most attractive affair to put on after tennis. Hip-length, swing-back jackets to wear on the beach are made in bright intense checks and stripes. Hershelle make hip-length "Sloppy Joe" jumpers with long sleeves

in vermilion flannel thonged with navy, and show them with flared skirts; also "jeans" and slacks, in vermilion or navy as interchangeable holiday outfits. A three-quarter summer sports coat in white bouclé, warm and soft and in a woollen like a little boy's overcoat, is a lovely garment to slip on over a summer frock or after tennis. It has dolman sleeves with rounded shoulders and a full back. Hand-knit, knee-length jackets in basket-stitch are also shown for tennis.

The Hershelle collection contains some attractive polka-dot foulard frocks with a ruche framing the boat-shaped necklines. One full skirt is given a double peplum to accent the hips even further and is mid-calf length. A suit in this same polka-dot silk has a jutting double frill at the back of the waisted jacket, worn over a small pad. The skirt is quite slender. Another dot frock with a circular skirt has a white dicky front. P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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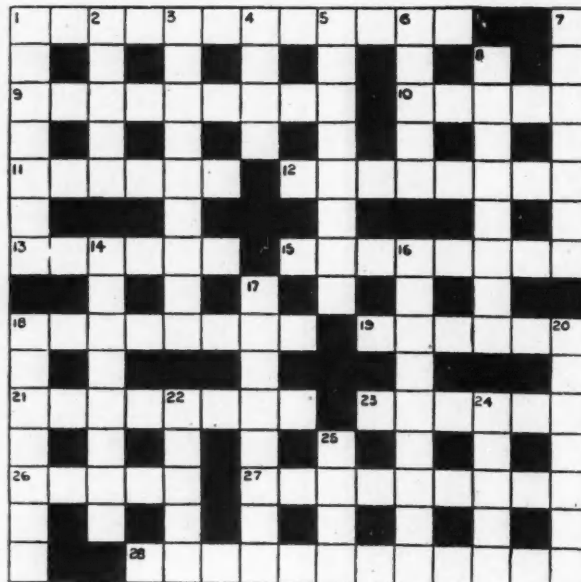
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## CROSSWORD No. 949

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 949, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, April 22, 1948.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name .....  
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address .....

SOLUTION TO No. 948. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 9, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—5, Dun cow; 8, Percolator; 9, Unfurl; 10, Trimmingham; 13, Maces; 16, Violate; 17 and 18, Plate-layer; 19 and 20, Sonnet; 21, Idiot; 22, Eerie; 23, Rose-red; 25, Shaky; 28, Cathedrals; 31, Oriana; 32, Pawnbroker; 33, Toggle. DOWN.—1, Petra; 2, Scamp; 3, Glen; 4, Etc; 5, Drum; 6, Churchyard; 7, Wall Street; 11, Grown; 12, Ada; 13, Melted; 14, Spoilsport; 15, Navigating; 16, Vestry; 20 and 24, North Sea; 26, Crook; 27, Aloes; 28 and 29, Capetown; 30, Elbe.

### ACROSS

1. What the double does for a livelihood (12)
9. A key man, evidently (9)
10. Searches for insects (5)
11. Can you make us note the right station? (6)
12. No traces (anagr.) (8)
13. The emphasis here is not on the storm (6)
15. Useful to have about the house (8)
18. Would his alternative be in combinations? (8)
19. On the field they might be made in fours but hardly in twenties (6)
21. "Magic casements opening on the foam  
"Of — seas."—Keats (8)
23. Scandinavian university (6)
26. "The Champak odours fall  
"Like sweet thoughts in a —"—Shelley (5)
27. Customs officials at work (9)
28. For the man with a scythe to have a pain in his side would be far from opportune (6, 2, 4)

### DOWN

1. What people naturally get sick of (7)
2. They were coloured men (5)
3. Answers in church (9)
4. What a noise the god makes! (4)
5. Pericles was a famous one (8)
6. Emblem of an evangelist (5)
7. Competed unsuccessfully (4, 3)
8. More cuts for the shopper (8)
14. Poet's study in scarlet the other way round (8)
16. Is this Antarctic island a sham? (9)
17. There is a conspicuous one in Fish Street (8)
18. Puts obstacles in the way (7)
20. It hardly glitters on an oak-leaf (7)
22. 30 m.p.h. in a built-up area (5)
24. Plea of absence (5)
25. Horizontal exclamation (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 947 is

Mr. John Wale,  
Windways,  
Crich Avenue,  
Littleover,  
Near Derby

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*Flared and Flanged*

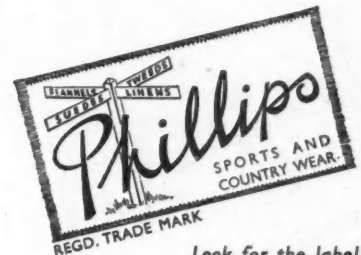
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